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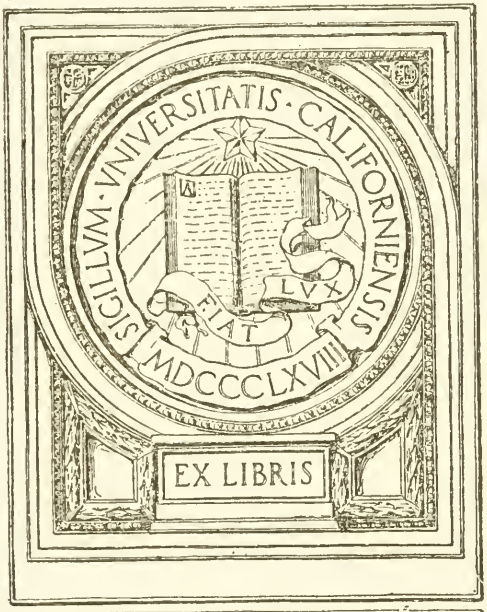

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THE TRAGICAL REIGN OF SELIMUS

1594

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1908

This reprint of the *Tragical Reign of Selimus* has been prepared by W. Bang and checked by the General Editor.

Feb. 1909. W. W. Greg.

PR
2411
S46
1909
cop. 2

No entry of *Selimus* has been found on the Stationers' Registers.

The play was printed in quarto by Thomas Creede with the date 1594, and this is the only edition known. It is described on the title-page as 'The First part of the Tragicall raigne of Selimus,' and the epilogue promises a continuation, but there is no evidence that any such second part was ever written. In 1638 the unsold stock was issued by John Crooke and Richard Serger, with a new title-page as 'The Tragedy of Selimus Emperour of the Turkes. Written [by] T. G.' These initials are supposed to refer to Thomas Goffe, whose Turkish tragedies were then fairly recent. The prologue, which occupied the verso of the cancelled title-page, was not reprinted.

Of the original issue there are copies at the British Museum (C. 34. b. 43), and the Bodleian, two in the Dyce collection (one imperfect), and one in that of the Duke of Devonshire. Of these the first two have been collated throughout in preparing the present reprint, while all irregularities have been checked with the two Dyce copies. Of the later issue copies are found at the British Museum (643. c. 45) and the Bodleian. The former has been collated. The first and last leaves, presumably blank, are wanting in all copies seen. No variants have been observed. The text of the quarto is printed in an ordinary roman type of a body closely resembling modern Pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.), the prologue in the corresponding italic, and the epilogue or 'Conclusion' in a larger roman type of a body between modern English and Great Primer (20 ll. = 111 mm.).

With regard to authorship it may be said that there is exactly the same evidence for ascribing *Selimus* to Greene, as for ascribing the *Battle of Alcazar* to Peele. Six passages, namely, taken from *Selimus* are quoted

above Greene's name in *England's Parnassus* (1600, s.v. Delay, Fear, Hate, Kings, Phoenix; see Collins' *Greene*, ii. 398-406). These passages correspond to the following lines of the quarto: 499-505, 1388-9, 1395, 35-6, 849-53, and 454-5, the only variations beyond points of orthography being 'Echinæus' for 'Echinæis' in l. 455, 'the' for 'his' in l. 500, 'them' for 'him' in l. 502, the correction of 'Daniocles' in l. 851. This is valuable evidence, but it cannot unfortunately be regarded as conclusive even of the compiler's opinion as to the authorship, for we elsewhere find Greene's name appended to three quotations from Spenser, while the description of Samela from Greene's *Menaphon* is assigned to Lodge.

The author of Selimus, whoever he may have been, seems to have drawn his material from the Turkish Chronicles of Paulus Jovius, but whether from the original or from a translation is at present uncertain.

List of Irregular and Doubtful Readings.

41. runne.
42. ſpright? (ſpright.)
59. poore,
84, 89, 100, 163. *Selmi*
117. Enters
139. gainſt Perſians
140. creaſt.
143. *Muſtafla*
147. *Neroes* (*Meroes*)
152. haruingers
171. matry (marry)
180. (*indented*)
242. caſe.
265. him. (it.)
317. them (then)
335. religions (religious)
344. loue. (like.?)
351. where.
360. as the reſt.
432. greeue:
434. leane on (leaue)
496. ſleept (ſteept)
509. runnages, (runnagates,)
510. ſtates,
511. *Cherſeo.* Go (Cherſeoli, go *not indented*)
588. ſword (ſword.)
596. Hnd
597. ſaid thou
609. aud
633. Ægyhtian
651. ſonnes (ſonne?)
652. Baſſaies (Baſſaes)
666. nere (here?)
677. pratroneſſe
691. witth
723. *Acomat Viſir,* (*Acomat, Viſir,*)
732. low (now?)
735. ſuquidrie (ſurquidrie?)

737. *Cytheree.*
773. (*indented*)
784. obedience (diſobedience?)
785. beſt:
789. *Baaizets*
792. By (But)
808. will (wile)
810. ſtedfaſt (*i.e.* stedfast'st)
813. he (he'll?)
825. fare (fear)
834. Ar (Or)
851. *Daniocles*
869. vnreaſonables
941. peere, (peeres,)
964. *Regian.*
968. meſſenger.
1009. Shall (To?)
1070. Lord (Lords)
1101. reſiſtance
1137. to (vnto?)
1165. parley (parley.)
1181. wy
1186. thy (his?)
1189. mote (more)
1193. *Mahomet* (*Acomat*)
1216. curſe:
1230. *Ron.* (*Zon.*)
1257. bodie (bodies)
1263. tomblack (*i.e.* tomb-black)
1274. ſay: (ſays:?)
1296. torne.
1297. diſobedience.
1298. ſeed.
1306. compande,
1316. men.
1319. *Erymnies*
1324. endue (endure)
1325. thy ſiſter (his ſiſter)
1346. ſouldieis
1365. honours (earers?)
1381. bewitcyes
1420. *Anthropomphagi,*
1427. vnpuiſhed,
1432. Fmperour
1450. ruine (raine) ſhew'r (*i.e.* ſhower)
1466. *Acomot*
1469. keeling
1480. Puld (Pull?)
1493. ſo cut (ſo to cut)
1531. (*indented*)
1634. Then (When?)
1635. that (the?)
1697. *Auicemaes*
1754. incage (in a cage?)
1756. am. (am now.?)
1771. rages (raging?)
1773. flaſhing (flaſhing?)
1776. leaud...ſtirreth (*i.e.* lewd...steereth)
1780. vales (rules?)
1787. chrillant (thrillant?) ſteele (ſteele.)
1790. tell (tells)
1809. hall.
1810. ſleepe, (ſteepe,)
1829. For
1876. dies (dies.)
1915. And (To?)
1922. companie (companies?)
1958. *Bull.* (*speech should run on*)
1996. *Muſtaffa* (*Baiazet*)
2002. mortarie. (*i.e.* mortuary.)
2018. earth
2061. *Ampharaus* (*Amphiaraus*)
2070. it is muſt
2073-4. (*a blank*)
2077. to (from?)
2099. Diademe.
2137. *Coreut*
2141. pleaſe (peaſe?)
2147. But is (It is but?)
2186. ſoule (ſoules)
2231. hane
2248,2253,2268,2402. *Alinda* (*Aladin*)
2254. them, (him,?)
2272. leſſon
2291. Ianizars (Ianizaries?)
2315. coul'ſt
2318. after liue (liue after *or* after-liue?)
2335. die.
2358. Ianizaries.
2367. *Solima?* (*Solima,*)
2369. maſſacres¿
2370. blood.
2386. reſiiſtance
2387. *Seli,*
2396. though brau'd (though you brau'd)
2397. *Amanonian* (*Amazonian*)
2413. ſtir (*i.e.* steer)
2421. buganets, (burganets,?)
2424. Heape (Heapt?)
2430. Ianizaties,
2431. *Viſſr,* (*Viſir,*)
2439. *Scythia* (*Scythian?*)
2463. *Exit* (Enter)
2467. *Selimus.*
2469. their ſwords. (his ſword.?)
2485. Perſians.
2487. balles, (bulles,)

2488. pawes.
2489. adamantiue
2494. Ianizaries.
2492. *Hebras* (*Hebrus*)
2501-2. (*lacuna?*)
2519. ouerpaſt.
2521. -garden (-guarded *or possibly* -guarden?)
2538. *Baiazet.*
2542. trees.
2553. greatly (gently)
2560. trinmphant
2562. their (his)

The conjectural readings in ll. 666, 1365, 1786, are from Grosart's editions. The text contains a rather unusually large number of roman capitals to italic words. The printer seems also to have been short of italic z. In two cases (ll. 2128, 2277) we actually find the form 'B*aia*zet.' The signature C 3 is misprinted A 3.

List of Characters,

in order of entrance.

Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks.
Mustaffa, his son-in-law.
Cherseoli, follower of Bajazet.
two Messengers from Selimus.
Selimus, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Trebizond.
Sinam Bassa, Ottrante, Occhiali } followers of Selimus.
Acomat, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Amasia.
his Vizir.
Regan, follower of Acomat.
Cali Bassa, Hali Bassa } courtiers of Bajazet.
a Messenger from Corcut.
Mahomet, grandson of Bajazet, Prince of Natolia.
The Belierbey of Natolia.
Zonara, sister to Mahomet.
Aga, follower of Bajazet.
Abraham, a Jew.
Bullithrumble, a shepherd.
Corcut, son to Bajazet, Soldan of Magnesia.
his Page.
Solima, daughter to Bajazet and wife to Mustaffa.
Aladin, Amurath, or Murath } sons to Acomat.
a Messenger from Mustaffa.
Tonombey, son to the Soldan of Egypt, ally of Acomat.
The Queen of Amasia, wife to Acomat.

Janissaries, soldiers, messenger.

The spelling of several names varies. Selimus is often called Selim (sometimes misprinted Selmi), Tonombey appears as Tonombeius, and Aladin's name is persistently misprinted Alinda. The form Murath appears for Amurath in l. 2234. Similarly we have Natalia in ll. 1516, 2495, and Natolia elsewhere; Churlu in l. 2280, and Chiurlu in ll. 2163-5. Bassa is, of course, a form of Bashaw, the modern Pasha.

THE
First part of the Tra-

gicall raigne of Selimus, ſometime Empe-
rour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigneth.

Wherein is ſhowne how hee moſt vnnaturally
raiſed warres againſt his owne father *Baiazet*, and pre-
uailing therein, in the end cauſed him to
be poyſoned:

Alſo with the murthering of his two brethren,
Corcut, and *Acomat*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maieſties
Players.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames
ſtreete at the ſigne of the Kathren wheele,
neare the olde Swanne.
1594.

THE FIRST PART OF THE moſt tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him that now raigneth.

Enter Baiazet *Emperour of Turkie*, Muſtaffa, Cherſeoly, *and the* Ianniſaries.

Baiazet.

LEaue me my Lords vntill I call you foorth,
For I am heauie and diſconſolate.

Exeunt all but *Baiazet.*

So *Baiazet*, now thou remainſt alone,
Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy breſt,
And eate thee vp, for arbiter heres none,
That may diſcrie the cauſe of thy vnreſt,
Vnleſſe theſe walles thy ſecret thoughts declare,
And Princes walles they ſay, vnfaithfull are.
Why thats the profit of great regiment,
That all of vs are ſubiect vnto feares,
And this vaine ſhew and glorious intent,
Priuie ſuſpition on each ſcruple reares,
I, though on all the world we make extent,
From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares,
And ſtretch our raign from Eaſt to Weſtern ſhore,
Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore.
Looke how the earth clad in her ſommers pride,
Embroydereth her mantle gorgiouſly,
With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide,

 Spreading

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Concluſion.

Thus haue we brought victorious Selimus,
Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia:
Next ſhall you ſee him with triumphant ſword,
Diuiding kingdomes into equall ſhares,
And giue them to their warlike followers.
If this firſt part Gentles, do like you well,
The ſecond part, ſhall greater murthers tell.

FINIS.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

SELIMVS

Emperour of the *Turkes.*

~~Written *T. G.*~~

LONDON:
Printed for *Iohn Crooke* and *Richard Serger*
and are to be ſold at their ſhop
in *Pauls* Church-yard at
the ſigne of the Grey-
Hound. 1638.

TITLE-PAGE OF 1638 (BODL.)

FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE
Firſt part of the Tra=

gicall raigne of Selimus, ſometime Empe-
rour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigneth.

Wherein is ſhowne how hee moſt vnnaturally
raiſed warres againſt his owne father *Baiazet*, and pre-
uailing therein, in the end cauſed him to
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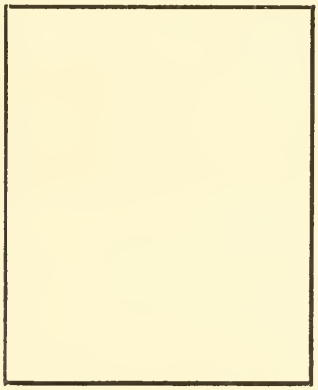
Alſo with the murthering of his two brethren,
Corcut, and *Acomat*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maieſties
Players.



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames
ſtreete at the ſigne of the Kathren wheele,
neare the olde Swanne.
1594.

Prologue.

No fained toy nor forged Tragedie,
Gentles we here preſent vnto your view,
But a moſt lamentable hiſtorie
Which this laſt age acknowledgeth for true.
Here ſhall you ſee the wicked ſonne purſue
His wretched father with remorſleſſe ſpight:
And danted once, his force againe renue,
Poyſon his father, kill his friends in fight.
You ſhall behold him character in bloud,
The image of an vnplacable King:
And like a ſea or high reſurging floud,
All obſtant lets, downe with his fury fling.
Which if with patience of you ſhalbe heard,
VVe haue the greateſt part of our reward.

Exit.

THE FIRST PART OF THE moſt tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of Selimus,

Emperour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him that now raigneth.

Enter Baiazet *Emperour of Turkie*, Muſtaffa, Cherſeoly, *and the* Ianniſaries. *Sc. i*

Baiazet.

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I, though on all the world we make extent,
From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares,
And ſtretch our raign from Eaſt to Weſtern ſhore,
Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore.
Looke how the earth clad in her ſommers pride,
Embroydereth her mantle gorgiouſly,
With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide,

Spreading abroad her ſpangled Tapiſtrie:
Yet vnder all a loathſome ſnake doth hide.
Such is our life, vnder Crownes, cares do lie,
And feare the ſcepter ſtill attends vpon,
Oh who can take delight in kingly throne?
Publike diſorders ioyn'd with priuate carke,
Care of our friends, and of our children deare,
Do toſſe our liues, as waues a ſilly barke.
Though we be feareleſſe, tis not without feare,
For hidden miſchiefe lurketh in the darke:
And ſtormes may fall, be the day nere ſo cleare.
He knowes not what it is to be a King,
That thinks a ſcepter is a pleaſant thing.
Twice fifteene times hath faire *Latonaes* ſonne
Walked about the world with his great light:
Since I began, would I had nere begunne
To ſway this ſcepter. Many a carefull night
When *Cynthia* in haſt to bed did runne.
Haue I with watching vext my aged ſpright?
Since when what dangers I haue ouerpaſt,
Would make a heart of adamant agaſt.
The Perſian *Sophi* mightie *Iſmaell*,
Tooke the *Leuante* cleane away from mee,
And *Caraguis Baſſa* ſent his force to quell,
Was kild himſelfe the while his men did flee.
Poore *Hali Baſſa* hauing once ſped well,
And gaind of him a bloodie victorie,
Was at the laſt ſlaine fighting in the field,
Charactering honor in his batt'red ſhield.
Ramirchan the Tartarian Emperour,
Gathering to him a number numberleſſe,
Of bigbond Tartars in a hapleſſe houre
Encountred me, and there my chiefeſt bleſſe
Good *Alemſhae* (ah this remembrance ſoure)
Was ſlaine the more t'augment my ſad diſtreſſe,
In leeſing *Alemſhae* poore, I loſt more

Then euer I had gained theretofore.
Well may thy ſoule reſt in her lateſt graue,
Sweete *Alemſhae* the comfort of my dayes,
That thou might'ſt liue, how often did I craue?
How often did I bootleſſe praiers raiſe
To that high power that life firſt to thee gaue?
Truſtie waſt thou to me at all aſſaies,
And deereſt child thy father oft hath cride,
That thou hadſt liu'd, ſo he himſelfe had dide.
The Chriſtian Armies, oftentimes defeated
By my victorious fathers valiance,
Haue all my Captaines famouſly confronted,
And crackt in two our vncontrolled lance.
My ſtrongeſt garriſons they haue ſupplanted,
And ouerwhelmed me in ſad miſchance:
And my decreaſe ſo long wrought their increaſe,
Till I was forc'd conclude a friendly peace.
Now all theſe are but forraine dammages,
Taken in warre whoſe die vncertaine is,
But I ſhall haue more home-borne outrages,
Vnleſſe my diuination aimes amiſſe:
I haue three ſonnes all of vnequall ages,
And all in diuerſe ſtudies ſet their bliſſe.
Corcut my eldeſt a Philoſopher,
Acomat pompous, *Selmi* a warriour.
Corcut in faire *Magneſia* leades his life,
In learning Arts, and *Mahounds* dreaded lawes:
Acomat loues to court it with his wife,
And in a pleaſant quiet ioyes to pauſe:
But *Selmi* followes warres in diſmall ſtrife,
And ſnatcheth at my Crowne with greedy clawes:
But he ſhall miſſe of that he aimeth at,
For I reſerue it for my *Acomat.*
For *Acomat*? Alaſſe it cannot be,
Stearne *Selimus* hath wonne my peoples hart,
The Ianiſſaries loue him more then me:

And for his cauſe will ſuffer any ſmart.
They ſee he is a friend to chiualrie,
And ſooner will they from my faith depart,
And by ſtrong hand *Baiazet* pull thee downe,
Then let their *Selmi* hop without the Crowne.
Ah, if the ſouldiers ouerrule thy ſtate,
And nothing muſt be done without their will,
If euery baſe and vpſtart runnagate
Shall croſſe a Prince and ouerthwart him ſtill.
If *Corcut*, *Selimus*, and *Acomat*,
With crowns and kingdoms ſhal their hungers fill?
Poore *Baiazet* what then remaines to thee?
But the bare title of thy dignitie.
I, and vnleſſe thou do diſſemble all,
And winke at *Selimus* aſpiring thought:
The *Baſſaes* cruelly ſhall worke thy fall,
And then thy Empire is but deerly bought.
Ah that our ſonnes thus to ambition thrall,
Should ſet the law of Nature all at nought.
But what muſt be, cannot chuſe but be done,
Come *Baſſaes* enter, *Baiazet* hath done.

Enters againe.

Cherſeoli. Dread Emperour, long may you happie liue,
Lou'd of your ſubiects, and feard of your foes:
We wonder much what doth your highneſſe grieue,
That you will not vnto your Lords diſcloſe.
Perhaps you feare leaſt we your loyall Peeres,
Would prooue diſloyall to your Maieſtie,
And be rebellious in your dying yeeres.
But mightie Prince the heauens can teſtifie,
How dearly we eſteeme your ſafetie.
Muſtaf. Perhaps you thinke *Muſtaffa* wil reuolt
And leaue your grace, and cleaue to *Selimus*,
But ſooner ſhall th'almighties thunderbolt
Strike me downe to the caue tenebrious
The loweſt land, and damned ſpirits holt

Then true *Muſtaffa* prooue ſo treacherous:
Your Maieſtie then needs not much to feare,
Since you are lou'd of ſubiect, Prince, and Peere.
Firſt ſhall the Sunne riſe from the occident,
And looſe his ſteeds benighted in the Eaſt,
Firſt ſhall the ſea become the continent,
Ere we forſake our ſoueraignes beheaſt:
We fought not for you gainſt Perſians Tent,
Breaking our Launces on his ſturdie creaſt.
We fought not for you gainſt the Chriſtian hoaſt,
To become traytors after all our coſt.
Baia. Heare me *Muſtafia* and *Cherſeoli*,
I am a father of a headſtrong brood,
Which if I looke not cloſely to my ſelfe,
Will ſeeke to ruinate their fathers ſtate,
Euen as the vipers in great *Neroes* fenne,
Eate vp the belly that firſt nouriſh'd them.
You ſee the harueſt of my life is paſt,
And aged winter hath beſprent my head,
With a hoare froſt of ſiluer coloured haires,
The haruingers of honourable eld,
Theſe branchlike vaines which once did guide my armes
To toſſe the ſpeare in battellous array,
Now withered vp, haue loſt their former ſtrength:
My ſonnes whom now ambition ginnes to pricke,
May take occaſion of my weakned age,
And riſe in rebell armes againſt my ſtate.
But ſtaie, here comes a Meſſenger to vs.
Sound within. Enters a Meſſenger.
Meſſen. Health and good hap to *Baiazet*,
The great commander of all *Aſia*,
Selmi the Soldane of great *Trebiſond*,
Sends me vnto your grace, to ſignifie
His alliance with the King of *Tartary*.
Baia. Said I not Lords as much to you before,
That mine own ſonnes would ſeek my ouerthrow?

And ſee here comes a luckleſſe meſſenger,
To prooue that true, which my mind did foretell.
Does *Selim* make ſo ſmall account of vs,
That he dare matry without our conſent,
And to that diuell too of *Tartarie*?
And could he then vnkind, ſo ſoone forget
The iniuries that *Ramir* did to me,
Thus to conſort himſelfe with him gainſt me?
Cherſe. Your maieſtie miſconſters *Selimus*,
It cannot be that he in whoſe high thoughts
A map of many valures is enſhrin'd,
Should ſeeke his fathers ruine and decay.
Selimus is a Prince of forward hope,
Whoſe onely name affrights your enemies,
It cannot be he ſhould prooue falſe to you.
Baia. Can it not be? Oh yes *Cherſeoli*,
For *Selimus* hands do itch to haue the Crowne,
And he wil haue it, or elſe pull me downe.
Is he a Prince? ah no he is a ſea,
Into which runne nought but ambitious reaches,
Seditious complots, murther, fraud, and hate.
Could he not let his father know his mind,
But match himſelfe when I leaſt thought on it?
Muſt. Perhaps my Lord *Selimus* lou'd the dame,
And feard to certifie you of his loue,
Becauſe her father was your enemie.
Baia. In loue *Muſtaffa*, *Selimus* in loue?
If he be, Lording, tis not Ladies loue,
But loue of rule, and kingly ſoueraigntie.
For wherefore ſhould he feare t'aske my conſent?
Truſtie *Muſtaffa*, if he had feard me,
He neuer would haue lou'd mine enemie.
But this his marriage with the Tartars daughter,
Is but the prologue to his crueltie,
And quickly ſhall we haue the Tragedie.
Which though he act with meditated brauerie,

The world will neuer giue him plauditie.
What yet more newes?

Sound within. Enters another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Dread Emperour, *Selimus* is at hand,
Two hundreth thouſand ſtrong Tartarians
Armed at all points dooes he lead with him,
Beſides his followers from *Trebiſond.*
Baia. I thought ſo much of wicked *Selimus,*
Oh forlorne hopes and hapleſſe *Baiazet.*
Is dutie then exiled from his breſt,
Which nature hath inſcrib'd with golden pen,
Deepe in the hearts of honourable men?
Ah *Selim, Selim,* wert thou not my ſonne,
But ſome ſtrange vnacquainted forreiner,
Whom I ſhould honour as I honour'd thee:
Yet would it greeue me euen vnto the death,
If he ſhould deale as thou haſt dealt with me.
And thou my ſonne to whom I freely gaue
The mightie Empire of great *Trebiſond,*
Art too vnnaturall to requite me thus,
Good *Alemſhae* hadſt thou liu'd till this day,
Thou wouldſt haue bluſhed at thy brothers mind.
Come ſweete *Muſtaffa,* come *Cherſeoli,*
And with ſome good aduice recomfort me.

Exeunt. All.

Enter *Selimus, Sinam Baſſa, Otrante, Occhialie,* *Sc. ii*
and the ſouldiers.

Seli. Now *Selimus* conſider who thou art,
Long haſt thou marched in diſguiſ'd attire,
But now vnmaske thy ſelfe, and play thy part,
And manifeſt the heate of thy deſire:
Nouriſh the coales of thine ambitious fire.
And thinke that then thy Empire is moſt ſure,
When men for feare thy tyrannie endure.
Thinke that to thee there is no vvorſe reproach,

Then filiall dutie in ſo high a place,
Thou oughtſt to ſet barrels of blood abroach,
And ſeeke with ſwoord whole kingdomes to diſplace,
Let *Mahounds* lawes be lockt vp in their caſe.
And meaner men and of a baſer ſpirit,
In vertuous actions ſeeke for glorious merit.
I count it ſacriledge, for to be holy,
Or reuerence this thred-bare name of good,
Leaue to old men and babes that kind of follie,
Count it of equall value with the mud:
Make thou a paſſage for thy guſhing floud,
By ſlaughter, treaſon, or what elſe thou can,
And ſcorne religion, it diſgraces man.
My father *Baiazet* is weake and old,
And hath not much aboue two yeares to liue,
The Turkiſh Crowne of Pearle and *Ophir* gold,
He meanes to his deare *Acomat* to giue.
But ere his ſhip can to her hauen driue,
Ile ſend abroad my tempeſts in ſuch ſort,
That ſhe ſhall ſinke before ſhe get the port.
Alaſſe, alaſſe, his highneſſe aged head
Is not ſufficient to ſupport a Crowne,
Then *Selimus* take thou it in his ſteed,
And if at this thy boldneſſe he dare frowne,
Or but reſiſt thy will, then pull him downe:
For ſince he hath ſo ſhort a time t'enioy it,
Ile make it ſhorter, or I will deſtroy him.
Nor paſſe I what our holy votaries
Shall here obiect againſt my forward minde,
I wreake not of their fooliſh ceremonies,
But meane to take my fortune as I finde,
Wiſedome commands to follow tide and winde:
And catch the front of ſwift occaſion,
Before ſhe be too quickly ouergone:
Some man will ſay I am too impious,
Thus to laie ſiege againſt my fathers life,

And that I ought to follow vertuous
And godly ſonnes: that vertue is a glaſſe
Wherein I may my errant life behold,
And frame my ſelfe by it in auncient mould.
Good ſir, your wiſedomes ouerflowing wit,
Digs deepe with learnings wonder-working ſpade:
Perhaps you thinke that now forſooth you ſit
With ſome graue wiſard in a pratling ſhade.
Auant ſuch glaſſes: let them view in me,
The perfect picture of right tyrannie.
I like a Lions looke not worth a leeke,
When euery dog depriues him of his pray:
Theſe honeſt termes are farre inough to ſeeke.
When angry Fortune menaceth decay,
My reſolution treads a nearer way.
Giue me the heart conſpiring with the hand,
In ſuch a cauſe my father to withſtand.
Is he my father? why I am his ſonne:
I owe no more to him then he to me,
If he proceed as he hath now begunne,
And paſſe from me the Turkiſh Seigniorie,
To *Acomat*, then *Selimus* is free:
And if he iniure me that am his ſonne,
Faith all the loue twixt him and me is done.
But for I ſee the ſchoolemen are prepard,
To plant gainſt me their bookiſh ordinance,
I meane to ſtand on a ſentencious gard:
And without any far fetcht circumſtance,
Quickly vnfold mine owne opinion,
To arme my heart with irreligion.
When firſt this circled round, this building faire,
Some God tooke out of the confuſed maſſe,
(What God I do not know, nor greatly care)
Then euery man of his owne dition was,
And euery one his life in peace did paſſe.
Warre was not then, and riches were not knowne,

And no man ſaid, this, or this, is mine owne.
The plough-man with a furrow did not marke
How farre his great poſſeſſions did reach:
The earth knew not the ſhare, nor ſeas the barke.
The ſouldiers entred not the battred breach,
Nor Trumpets the tantara loud did teach.
There needed them no iudge, nor yet no law,
Nor any King of whom to ſtand in awe.
But after *Ninus*, warlike *Belus* ſonne,
The earth with vnknowne armour did warray,
Then firſt the ſacred name of King begunne:
And things that were as common as the day,
Did then to ſet poſſeſſours firſt obey.
Then they eſtabliſht lawes and holy rites,
To maintaine peace, and gouerne bloodie fights.
Then ſome ſage man, aboue the vulgar wiſe,
Knowing that lawes could not in quiet dwell,
Vnleſſe they were obſerued: did firſt deuiſe
The names of Gods, religion, heauen, and hell,
And gan of paines, and faind rewards to tell:
Paines for thoſe men which did neglect the law,
Rewards, for thoſe that liu'd in quiet awe.
Whereas indeed they were meere fictions,
And if they were not, *Selim* thinkes they were:
And theſe religions obſeruations,
Onely bug-beares to keepe the world in feare,
And make men quietly a yoake to beare.
So that religion of it ſelfe a bable,
Was onely found to make vs peaceable.
Hence in eſpeciall come the fooliſh names,
Of father, mother, brother, and ſuch like:
For who ſo well his cogitation frames,
Shall finde they ſerue but onely for to ſtrike
Into our minds a certaine kind of loue.
For theſe names too are but a policie,
To keepe the quiet of ſocietie.

Indeed I muſt confeſſe they are not bad,
Becauſe they keepe the baſer ſort in feare:
But we, whoſe minde in heauenly thoughts is clad,
Whoſe bodie doth a glorious ſpirit beare,
That hath no bounds, but flieth euery where.
Why ſhould we ſeeke to make that ſoule a ſlaue,
To which dame Nature ſo large freedome gaue.
Amongſt vs men, there is ſome difference,
Of actions tearmed by vs good or ill:
As he that doth his father recompence,
Differs from him that doth his father kill.
And yet I thinke, thinke other what they will,
That Parricides, when death hath giuen them reſt,
Shall haue as good a part as the reſt.
And thats iuſt nothing, for as I ſuppoſe
In deaths voyd kingdome raignes eternall night:
Secure of euill, and ſecure of foes,
Where nothing doth the wicked man affright,
No more then him that dies in doing right.
Then ſince in death nothing ſhall to vs fall,
Here while I liue, Ile haue a ſnatch at all.
And that can neuer, neuer be attaind,
Vnleſſe old *Baiazet* do die the death:
For long inough the gray-beard now hath raign'd,
And liu'd at eaſe, while others liu'd vneath.
And now its time he ſhould reſigne his breath.
T'were good for him if he were preſſed out,
T'would bring him reſt, and rid him of his gout.
Reſolu'd to do it, caſt to compaſſe it
Without delay or long procraſtination:
It argueth an vnmanured wit,
When all is readie for ſo ſtrong inuaſion,
To draw out time, an vnlookt for mutation
May ſoone preuent vs if we do delay,
Quick ſpeed is good, vvhere vviſedome leades the (vvay.
Occhiali?

Occhi.

Occhi. My Lord.
Sel. Lo flie boy to my father *Baiazet*,
And tell him *Selim* his obedient ſonne,
Deſires to ſpeake with him and kiſſe his hands,
Tell him I long to ſee his gratious face,
And that I come with all my chiualrie,
To chaſe the Chriſtians from his Seigniorie:
In any wiſe ſay I muſt ſpeake with him.
Exit Occhiali.
Now *Sinam* if I ſpeed.
Sinam. What then my Lord?
Sel. What then? why *Sinam* thou art nothing woorth,
I will endeuour to perſuade him man,
To giue the Empire ouer vnto me,
Perhaps I ſhall attaine it at his hands:
If I cannot, this right hand is reſolu'd,
To end the period with a fatall ſtabbe.
Sin. My gratious Lord, giue *Sinam* leaue to ſpeake,
If you reſolue to worke your fathers death,
You venture life: thinke you the Ianiſſaries
Will ſuffer you to kill him in their ſight,
And let you paſſe free without puniſhment?
Sel. If I reſolue? as ſure as heauen is heauen,
I meane to ſee him dead, or my ſelfe King:
As for the *Baſſaes* they are all my friends,
And I am ſure would pawne their deareſt blood,
That *Selim* might be Emperour of Turkes.
Sin. Yet *Acomut* and *Corcut* both ſuruiue,
To be reuenged for their fathers death.
Sel. *Sinam* if they or twentie ſuch as they,
Had twentie ſeuerall Armies in the field,
If *Selimus* were once your Emperour,
Ide dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And mow their hartleſſe ſquadrons to the ground.
Sin. Oh yet my Lord after your highneſſe death,
There is a hell and a reuenging God.
Sel. Tuſh

Seli. Tuſh *Sinam* theſe are ſchoole conditions,
To feare the diuell or his curſed damme:
Thinkſt thou I care for apparitions,
Of *Siſiphus* and of his backward ſtone,
And poore *Ixions* lamentable mone?
Now I thinke the caue of damned ghoaſts,
Is but a tale to terrifie yoong babes:
Like diuels faces ſcor'd on painted poaſts,
Or fained circles in our aſtrolabes.
Why theirs no difference when we are dead,
And death once come, then all alike are ſped.
Or if there were, as I can ſcarce beleeue,
A heauen of ioy, and hell of endleſſe paine:
Yet by my ſoule it neuer ſhould me greeue:
So I might on the Turkiſh Empire raigne,
To enter hell, and leane on faire heauens gaine.
An Empire *Sinam*, is ſo ſweete a thing,
As I could be a diuell to be a King.
But go we Lords and ſolace in our campe,
Till the returne of yoong *Occhiali*,
And if his anſwere be to thy deſire,
Selim thy minde in kingly thoughts attire.

Exeunt. All.

Enter *Baiazet*, *Muſtaffa*, *Cherſeoli*, *Occhiali*, and the Ianiſſaries. *Sc. iii*

Baia. Euen as the great Ægyptian *Crocodile*,
Wanting his praie, with artificiall teares,
And fained plaints his ſubtill tongue doth file,
T'entrap the ſilly wandring traueller,
And moue him to aduance his footing neare,
That when he is in danger of his clawes,
He may deuour him with his famiſhed iawes,
So plaieth craftie *Selimus* with me,
His haughtie thoughts ſtill wait on Diadems,
And not a ſtep but treads to maieſtie.

The Phœnix gazeth on the Suns bright beames,
The Echinæis ſwimmes againſt the ſtreames.
Nought but the Turkiſh ſcepter can him pleaſe,
And there I know lieth his chiefe diſeaſe.
He ſends his meſſenger to craue acceſſe,
And ſaies he longs to kiſſe my aged hands:
But howſoeuer he in ſhew profeſſe,
His meaning with his words but weakly ſtands.
And ſooner will the *Syrteis* boyling ſands,
Become a quiet roade for fleeting ſhippes,
Then *Selimus* heart agree with *Selims* lippes.
Too well I know the Crocodiles fained teares,
Are but nettes wherein to catch his pray:
Which who ſo mou'd with fooliſh pitie heares,
Will be the authour of his owne decay.
Then hie thee *Baiazet* from hence away:
A fawning monſter is falſe *Selimus*,
Whoſe faireſt words are moſt pernicious.
Yoong man, would *Selim* come and ſpeak with vs?
What is his meſſage to vs, canſt thou tell?
Occhi. He craues my Lord, another ſeigniorie,
Nearer to you and to the Chriſtians,
That he may make them know, that *Selimus*
Is borne to be a ſcourge vnto them all.
Baia. Hee's born to be a ſcourge to me & mine,
He neuer would haue come with ſuch an hoaſt,
Vnleſſe he meant my ſtate to vndermine,
What though in word he brauely ſeeme to boaſt,
The forraging of all the Chriſtian coaſt?
Yet we haue cauſe to feare when burning brands,
Are vainly giuen into a mad mans hands.
Well I muſt ſeeme to winke at his deſire,
Although I ſee it plainer then the light,
My lenitie addes fuell to his fire,
Which now begins to breake in flaſhing bright,
Then *Baiazet* chaſtiſe his ſtubborne ſpright.

Leaſt theſe ſmall ſparkles grow to ſuch a flame,
As ſhall conſume thee and thy houſes name.
Alaſſe I ſpare when all my ſtore is gone,
And thruſt my ſickle where the corne is reapt,
In vaine I ſend for the phiſition,
When on the patient is his graue duſt heapt.
In vaine, now all his veines in venome ſleept
Breake out in bliſters that will poyſon vs,
VVe ſeeke to giue him an Antidotus.
He that will ſtop the brooke, muſt then begin
VVhen ſommers heate hath dried vp his ſpring,
And when his pittering ſtreames are low & thin,
For let the winter aide vnto him bring,
He growes to be of watry flouds the King.
And though you dam him vp with loftie rankes,
Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.
Meſſenger, go and tell yoong *Selimus*,
We giue to him all great *Samandria*,
Bordring on *Bulgrade* of *Hungaria*,
Where he may plague thoſe Chriſtian runnages,
And ſalue the wounds that they haue giuen our ſtates,
Cherſeo. Go and prouide a gift,
A royall preſent for my *Selimus*,
And tell him meſſenger another time
He ſhall haue talke inough with *Baiazet*.
Exeunt Cherſeoli and *Occhiali*.
And now what counſell giues *Muſtaffa* to vs?
I feare this haſtie reckoning will vndo vs.
Muſt. Make haſte my Lord from *Andrinople* walles,
And let vs flie to faire *Bizantium*,
Leaſt if your ſonne before you take the towne,
He may with little labour winne the crowne.
Baia. Then do ſo good *Muſtaffa*, call our gard,
And gather all our warlike Ianiſſaries,
Our chiefeſt ayd is ſwift celeritie,
Then let our winged courſers tread the winde,

And leaue rebellious *Selimus* behinde.

Exeunt. All.

Sc. iv Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Occhiali*, *Ottrante*, and their ſouldiers.

Selim. And is his anſwere ſo *Occhiali*?
Is *Selim* ſuch a corſiue to his heart,
That he cannot endure the ſight of him?
Forſooth he giues thee all *Samandria*,
From whence our mightie Emperour *Mahomet*,
Was driuen to his country backe with ſhame.
No doubt thy father loues thee *Selimus*,
To make thee Regent of ſo great a land,
Which is not yet his owne: or if it were,
What dangers wayt on him that ſhould it ſtere.
Here the *Polonian* he comes hurtling in,
Vnder the conduct of ſome forraine prince,
To fight in honour of his crucifix!
Here the *Hungarian* with his bloodie croſſe,
Deales blowes about to win *Belgrade* againe.
And after all, forſooth *Baſilius*
The mightie Emperour of *Ruſſia*,
Sends in his troupes of ſlaue-borne *Muſcouites*,
And he will ſhare with vs, or elſe take all.
In giuing ſuch a land ſo full of ſtrife,
His meaning is to rid me of my life.
Now by the dreaded name of *Termagant*,
And by the blackeſt brooke in loathſome hell,
Since he is ſo vnnaturall to me,
I will prooue as vnnaturall as he.
Thinks he to ſtop my mouth with gold or pearle?
Or ruſtie iades fet from *Barbaria*?
No let his minion his philoſopher,
Corcut and *Acomat* be enrich'd with them.
I will not take my reſt, till this right hand
Hath puld the Crowne from off his cowards head,

And

And on the ground his baſtards gore-blood ſhead:
Nor ſhall his flight to old *Bizantium*,
Diſmay my thoughts which neuer learnd to ſtoup.
March *Sinam*, march in order after him:
Were his light ſteeds as ſwift as *Pegaſus*,
And trode the ayrie pauement with their heeles,
Yet *Selimus* would ouertake them ſoone.
And though the heauens do nere ſo croſly frowne,
In ſpight of heauen ſhall *Selim* weare the crowne.

Exeunt.

Alarum within. Enter *Baiazet*, *Muſtaffa*, *Cherſeoli* and the Ianiſſaries, at one doore. *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Ottrante*, *Occhiali*, and their ſouldiers at another. *Sc. v*

Baia. Is this thy dutie ſonne vnto thy father,
So impiouſly to leuell at his life?
Can thy ſoule wallowing in ambitious mire,
Seeke for to reaue that breſt with bloudie knife,
From whence thou hadſt thy being *Selimus*?
Was this the end for which thou ioyndſt thy ſelfe,
With that miſchieuous traytor *Ramirchan*?
Was this thy drift to ſpeake with *Baiazet*?
Well hoped I (but hope I ſee is vaine)
Thou wouldſt haue bene a comfort to mine age,
A ſcourge and terrour to mine enemies,
That this thy comming with ſo great an hoaſt,
Was for no other purpoſe and intent,
Then for to chaſtiſe thoſe baſe Chriſtians
Which ſpoile my ſubiects welth with fire & ſword
Well hoped I the rule of *Trebiſond*,
Would haue increaſde the valour of thy minde,
To turne thy ſtrength vpon thy Perſians.
But thou like to a craftie *Polipus*,
Doeſt turne thy hungry iawes vpon thy ſelfe,
For what am I *Selimus* but thy ſelfe?

VVhen courage firſt crept in thy manly breſt,
Hnd thou beganſt to rule the martiall ſword,
How oft ſaid thou the ſun ſhuld change his courſe,
VVater ſhould turn to earth, & earth to heauen,
Ere thou wouldſt prooue diſloyall to thy father.
O *Titan* turne thy breathleſſe courſers backe,
And enterpriſe thy iourny from the Eaſt.
Bluſh *Selim* that the world ſhould ſay of thee,
That by my death thou gaindſt the Emperie.
Seli. Now let my cauſe be pleaded *Baiazet*,
For father I diſdaine to call thee now:
I tooke not Armes to ſeaze vpon thy crowne,
For that if once thou hadſt bene layd in graue,
Should ſit vpon the head of *Selimus*
In ſpight of *Corcut* aud *Acomat.*
I tooke not Armes to take away thy life,
The remnant of thy dayes is but a ſpan,
And fooliſh had I bene to enterprize
That which the gout and death would do for me.
I tooke not armes to ſhed my brothers blood,
Becauſe they ſtop my paſſage to the crowne.
For while thou liu'ſt *Selimus* is content
That they ſhuld liue, but when thou once art dead
VVhich of them both dares *Selimus* withſtand?
I ſoone ſhould hew their bodies in peecemeale,
As eaſie as a man would kill a gnat.
But I tooke armes vnkind to honour thee,
And winne againe the fame that thou haſt loſt.
And thou thoughtſt ſcorne *Selim* ſhould ſpeake with thee.
But had it bene your darling *Acomat*,
You would haue met him half the way your ſelfe.
I am a Prince, and though your yoonger ſonne,
Yet are my merits better then both theirs:
But you do ſeeke to diſinherit me,
And meane t'inueſt *Acomat* with your crowne.
So he ſhall haue a princes due reward,

That cannot ſhew a ſcarre receiu'd in field,
VVe that haue fought with mighty *Preſter Iohn*,
And ſtript th'Ægyhtian ſoldan of his camp,
Venturing life and liuing to honour thee,
For that ſame cauſe ſhall now diſhonour'd be.
Art thou a father? Nay falſe *Baiazet*
Diſclaime the title which thou doeſt not merit.
A father would not thus flee from his ſonne,
As thou doeſt flie from loyall *Selimus*.
A father would not iniure thus his ſonne,
As thou doeſt iniure loyall *Selimus*.
Then *Baiazet* prepare thee to the fight,
Selimus once thy ſonne, but now thy foe,
VVill make his fortunes by the ſword,
And ſince thou fear'ſt as long as I do liue,
Ile alſo feare, as long as thou doeſt liue.
Exit Selim and his company.

Ba. My heart is ouerwhelm'd with fear & grief,
VVhat diſmall Comet blazed at my birth,
VVhoſe influence makes my ſtrong vnbrideled
In ſteed of loue to render hate to me? (ſonnes
Ah Baſſaies if that euer heretofore
Your Emperour ought his ſafetie vnto you,
Defend me now gainſt my vnnaturall ſonne:
Non timeo mortem: mortis mihi diſplicet author.
Exit *Baiazet* and his company.

Alarum, *Muſtaffa* beate *Selimus* in, then *Ottrante* *Sc. vi*
and *Cherſeoli* enter at diuerſe doores.
Cherſe. Yeeld thee Tartarian or thou ſhalt die,
Vpon my ſwords ſharpe point ſtandeth pale death
Readie to riue in two thy caitiue breſt.
Ott. Art thou that knight that like a lion fierce,
Tiring his ſtomacke on a flocke of lambes,
Haſt broke our rankes & put them cleane to flight?
Cherſe.

Cherſe. I and vnleſſe thou looke vnto thy ſelfe,
This ſwoord nere drunke in the *Tartarian* blood,
Shall make thy carkaſſe as the outcaſt dung.
Ottran. Nay I haue matcht a brauer knight then you,
Strong *Alemſhae* thy maiſters eldeſt ſonne,
Leauing his bodie naked on the plaines,
And *Turke*, the ſelfeſame end for thee remaines.
They fight. He killeth *Cherſeoli*, and flieth.
Sc. vii Alarum, enter *Selimus*.
Selim. Shall *Selims* hope be buried in the duſt?
And *Baiazet* triumph ouer his fall?
Then oh thou blindfull miſtreſſe of miſhap,
Chiefe patroneſſe of *Rhamus* golden gates,
I will aduance my ſtrong reuenging hand,
And plucke thee from thy euerturning wheele.
Mars, or *Minerua*, *Mahound*, *Termagaunt*,
Or who ſo ere you are that fight gainſt me,
Come and but ſhew your ſelues before my face,
And I will rend you all like trembling reedes.
Well *Baiazet* though Fortune ſmile on thee,
And decke thy campe with glorious victorie,
Though *Selimus* now conquered by thee,
Is faine to put his ſafetie in ſwift flight:
Yet ſo he flies, that like an angry ramme,
Heele turne more fiercely then before he came.
Exit Selimus.
Sc. viii Enter *Baiazet*, *Muſtaffa*, the ſouldier witth the bodie of *Cherſeoli*, and *Ottrante* priſoner.
Baia. Thus haue we gaind a bloodie victorie,
And though we are the maiſters of the field,
Yet haue we loſt more then our enemies:
Ah luckleſſe fault of my *Cherſeoli*,
As deare and dearer wert thou vnto me,
Then any of my ſonnes, then mine owne ſelfe.
When I was glad, thy heart was full of ioy,

And brauely haſt thou died for *Baiazet.*
And though thy bloudleſſe bodie here do lie,
Yet thy ſweet ſoule in heauen for euer bleſt,
Among the ſtarres enioyes eternall reſt.
What art thou warlike man of *Tartarie*,
Whoſe hap it is to be our priſoner?
Ottran. I am a prince, *Ottrante* is my name,
Chiefe captaine of the *Tartars* mightie hoaſt.
Ba. Ottrante? Waſt not thou that ſlue my ſon?
Ottran. I, and if fortune had but fauour'd me,
Had ſent the fire to keepe him company.
Baia. Off with his head and ſpoyle him of his Armes,
And leaue his bodie for the ayrie birds.
Exit one with *Ottrante.*
The vnreuenged ghoaſt of *Alemſhae*,
Shall now no more wander on *Stygian* bankes,
But reſt in quiet in th'*Elyſian* fields.
Muſtaffa, and you worthie men at Armes,
That left not *Baiazet* in greateſt need,
When we arriue at *Constantines* great Tour,
You ſhalbe honour'd of your Emperour.
Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomat Viſir*, *Regan*, and a band of ſouldiers. *Sc. ix*

Aco. Perhaps you wonder why prince *Acomat*,
Delighting heretofore in fooliſh loue,
Hath chang'd his quiet to a ſouldiers ſtate:
And turnd the dulcet tunes of *Himens* ſong,
Into *Bellonas* horrible outcries,
You thinke it ſtrange, that whereas I haue liu'd,
Almoſt a votarie to wantonneſſe,
To ſee me low laie off effeminate robes,
And arme my bodie in an iron wall.
I haue enioyed quiet long inough,
And ſurfeted with pleaſures ſuquidrie
A field of dainties I haue paſſed through,

And bene a champion to faire *Cytheree.*
Now ſince this idle peace hath weeried me,
Ile follow *Mars* and warre another while,
And die my ſhield in dolorous vermeil.
My brother *Selim* through his manly deeds,
Hath lifted vp his fame vnto the skies,
While we like earth wormes lurking in the weeds,
Do liue inglorious in all mens eyes.
What lets me then from this vaine ſlumber riſe,
And by ſtrong hand atchieue eternall glorie,
That may be talkt of in all memorie?
And ſee how fortune fauours mine intent,
Heard you not Lordings, how prince *Selimus*
Againſt our royall father armed went,
And how the Ianiſſaries made him flee
To *Ramir* Emperour of *Tartarie*?
This his rebellion greatly profits me,
For I ſhall ſooner winne my fathers minde,
To yeeld me vp the Turkiſh Empire,
Which if I haue, I am ſure I ſhall finde
Strong enemies to pull me downe againe,
That faine would haue prince *Selimus* to raigne.
Then ciuill diſcord, and contentious warre,
Will follow *Acomats* coronation.
Selim no doubt will broach ſeditious iarre,
And *Corcut* too will ſeeke for alteration,
Now to preuent all ſuddaine perturbation,
We thought it good to muſter vp our power,
That danger may not take it vnprouided.
Viſir. I like your highneſſe reſolution well,
For theſe ſhould be the chiefe arts of a king,
To puniſh thoſe that furiouſly rebell,
And honour thoſe that ſacred counſell bring,
To make good lawes, ill cuſtomes to expell:
To nouriſh peace from whence your riches ſpring,
And when good quarrels call you to the field,

T'excell

T'excell your men in handling ſpeare & ſhield.
Thus ſhall the glory of your matchleſſe name,
Be regiſtred vp in immortall lines:
Whereas that prince that followes luſtfull game,
And to fond toyes his captiue minde enclines,
Shall neuer paſſe the temple of true fame,
Whoſe worth is greater then the *Indian* mines.
But is your grace aſſured certainly
That *Baiazet* doth fauour your requeſt?
Perhaps you may make him your enemie,
You know how much your father doth deteſt,
Stout obedience and obſtinacie.
I ſpeake not this as if I thought it beſt:
Your highneſſe ſhould your right in it neglect,
But that you might be cloſe and circumſpect.
Aco. We thanke thee *Viſir* for thy louing care,
As for my father *Baaizets* affection,
Vnleſſe his holy vowes forgotten are,
I ſhall be ſure of it by his election.
By after *Acomats* erection,
We muſt forecaſt what things be neceſſary,
Leaſt that our kingdome be too momentary.
Reg. Firſt let my Lord be ſeated in his throne,
Enſtalled by great *Baiazets* conſent,
As yet your harueſt is not fully growne,
But in the greene and vnripe blade is pent:
But when you once haue got the regiment,
Then may your Lords more eaſily prouide,
Againſt all accidents that may betide.
Acomat. Then ſet we forward to *Bizantium*,
That we may know what *Baiazet* intends.
Aduiſe thee *Acomat*, whats beſt to do,
The Ianiſſaries fauour *Selimus*,
And they are ſtrong vndanted enemies,
Which will in Armes gainſt thy election riſe.
Then will them to thy wil with precious gifts,

And ſtore of gold: timely largition
The ſtedfaſt perſons from their purpoſe lifts:
But then beware leaſt *Baiazets* affection
Change into hatred by ſuch premunition.
For then he thinke that I am factious,
And imitate my brother *Selimus*.
Beſides, a prince his honour doth debaſe,
That begs the common ſouldiers ſuffrages,
And if the Baſſaes knew I ſought their grace,
It would the more increaſe their inſolentneſſe.
To reſiſt them were ouerhardineſſe,
And worſe it were to leaue my enterprize.
Well how ſo ere, reſolue to venture it,
Fortune doth fauour euery bold aſſay,
And t'were a trick of an vnſetled wit
Becauſe the bees haue ſtings with them alway,
To fare our mouthes in honie to embay.
Then reſolution for me leades the dance,
And thus reſolu'd, I meane to trie my chance.

Exeunt all.

Sc. x Enter *Baiazet*, *Muſtaffa*, *Calibaſſa*, *Halibaſſa*, and the Ianiſſaries.

Baia. What prince ſo ere, truſts to his mightie pow'r,
Ruling the reines of many nations,
And feareth not leaſt fickle fortune loure,
Ar thinkes his kingdome free from alterations,
If he were in the place of *Baiazet*,
He would but litle by his ſcepter ſet.
For what hath rule that makes it acceptable,
Rather what hath it not worthie of hate:
Firſt of all is our ſtate ſtill mutable,
And our continuance at the peoples rate,
So that it is a ſlender thred, whereon
Depends the honour of a princes throne.
Then do we feare, more then the child new borne,

Our

Our friends, our Lords, our ſubiects, & our ſonnes.
Thus is our minde in ſundry pieces torne
By care, by feare, ſuſpition, and diſtruſt,
In wine, in meate we feare pernicious poyſon,
At home, abroad, we feare ſeditious treaſon.
Too true that tyrant *Dionyſius*
Did picture out the image of a King,
When *Daniocles* was placed in his throne,
And ore his head a threatning ſword did hang,
Faſtned vp onely by a horſes haire.
Our chiefeſt truſt is ſecretly diſtruſt,
For whom haue we whom we may ſafely truſt,
If our owne ſonnes, neglecting awfull dutie,
Riſe vp in Armes againſt their louing fathers.
Their heart is all of hardeſt marble wrought,
That can laie wayt to take away their breath,
From whom they firſt ſucked this vitall ayre.
My heart is heauie, and I needs muſt ſleepe.
Baſſaes withdraw your ſelues from me awhile,
That I may reſt my ouerburdned ſoule.
They ſtand aſide while the curtins are drawne.
Eunuchs plaie me ſome muſicke while I ſleepe.

Muſicke within.

Muſt. Good *Baiazet*, who would not pitie thee,
Whom thine owne ſonne ſo vildly perſecutes.
More mildly do th'vnreaſonables beaſts
Deale with their dammes, then *Selimus* with thee.
Halibaſ. *Muſtaffa* we are princes of the land,
And loue our Emperour as well as thou:
Yet will we not for pitying his eſtate,
Suffer our foes our wealth to ruinate.
If *Selim* haue playd falſe with *Baiazet*,
And ouerſlipt the dutie of a ſonne,
Why he was mou'd by iuſt occaſion.
Did he not humbly ſend his meſſenger
To craue acceſſe vnto his maieſtie?

And yet he could not get permiſſion
To kiſſe his hands, and ſpeake his mind to him.
Perhaps he thought his aged fathers loue
Was cleane eſtrang'd from him: and *Acomat*
Should reape the fruite that he had laboured for.
Tis lawfull for the father to take Armes,
I and by death chaſtize his rebell ſonne.
Why ſhould it be vnlawfull for the ſonne,
To leauie Armes gainſt his iniurious ſire?
Muſt. You reaſon *Hali* like a ſophiſter.
As if t'were lawfull for a ſubiect prince
To riſe in Armes gainſt his ſoueraigne,
Becauſe he will not let him haue his will:
Much leſſe iſt lawfull for a mans owne ſonne.
If *Baiazet* had iniur'd *Selimus*,
Or ſought his death, or done him ſome abuſe,
Then *Selimus* cauſe had bene more tollerable.
But *Baiazet* did neuer iniure him,
Nor ſought his death, nor once abuſed him,
Vnleſſe becauſe he giues him not the crowne,
Being the yoongeſt of his highneſſe ſonnes.
Gaue he not him an Empire for his part,
The mightie Empire of great *Trebiſond*?
So that if all things rightly be obſeru'd,
Selim had more then euer he deſeru'd.
I ſpeake not this becauſe I hate the prince,
For by the heauens I loue yoong *Selimus*,
Better then either of his brethren.
But for I owe alleagiance to my king,
And loue him much that fauours me ſo much.
Muſtaffa, while old *Baiazet* doth liue,
Will be as true to him as to himſelfe.
Cali. Why braue *Mustaffa*, *Hali* and my ſelfe
Were neuer falſe vnto his maieſtie.
Our father *Hali* died in the field,
Againſt the *Sophi*, in his highneſſe warres.

And we will neuer be degenerate.
Nor do we take part with prince *Selimus*,
Becauſe we would depoſe old *Baiazet*,
But for becauſe we would not *Acomat*
That leads his life ſtill in laſciuious pompe,
Nor *Corcut*, though he be a man of woorth,
Should be commander of our Empire.
For he that neuer ſaw his foe mans face,
But alwaies ſlept vpon a Ladies lap,
Will ſcant endure to lead a ſouldiers life.
And he that neuer handled but his penne,
Will be vnskilfull at the warlike lance.
Indeed his wiſedome well may guide the crowne,
And keepe that ſafe his predeceſſors got:
But being giuen to peace as *Corcut* is,
He neuer will enlarge the Empire:
So that the rule and power ouer vs,
Is onely fit for valiant *Selimus*.

Muſt. Princes, you know how mightie *Baiazet*
Hath honoured *Muſtaffa* with his loue.
He gaue his daughter beautious *Solima*,
To be the ſoueraigne miſtreſſe of my thoughts.
He made me captaine of the Ianiſſaries,
And too vnnaturall ſhould *Mustaffa* be,
To riſe againſt him in his dying age.
Yet know, you warlike peere, *Muſtaffa* is
A loyall friend vnto prince *Selimus*,
And ere his other brethren get the crowne,
For his ſake, I my ſelfe will pull them downe.
I loue, I loue them dearly, but the loue
Which I do beare vnto my countries good,
Makes me a friend to noble *Selimus*,
Onely let Baiazet while he doth liue,
Enioy in peace the Turkiſh Diademe.
When he is dead, and layd in quiet graue,
Then none but *Selimus* our helpe ſhall haue.

Sound

Sound within. A Meſſenger enters, *Baiazet* awaketh.

Baia. How now *Muſtaffa*, what newes haue we there?
Is *Selim* vp in Armes gainſt me againe?
Or is the *Sophi* entred our confines?
Hath the Ægyptian ſnatch'd his crowne againe?
Or haue the vncontrolled Chriſtians
Vnſheath'd their ſwords to make more war on vs?
Such newes, or none will come to *Baiazet.*
Muſt. My gratious Lord, heres an Embaſſador
Come from your ſonne the Soldan *Acomat.*
Baia. From *Acomat*? oh let him enter in.

Enter *Regian.*

Embaſſadour, how fares our louing ſonne?
Reg. Mightie commander of the warlike Turks,
Acomat Souldane of *Amaſia*,
Greeteth your grace by me his meſſenger.

He giues him a Letter.

And gratulates your highneſſe good ſucceſſe,
Wiſhing good fortune may befall you ſtill.
Baia. Mustaffa reade.

He giues the letter to *Muſtaffa*, and ſpeakes the reſt to himſelfe.

Acomat craues thy promiſe *Baiazet*,
To giue the Empire vp into his hands,
And make it ſure to him in thy life time.
And thou ſhalt haue it louely *Acomat*,
For I haue bene encombred long inough,
And vexed with the cares of kingly rule,
Now let the trouble of the Empirie
Be buried in the boſome of thy ſonne.
Ah *Acomat*, if thou haue ſuch a raigne
So full of ſorrow as thy fathers was,
Thou wilt accurſe the time, the day and houre,
In which thou was eſtabliſh'd Emperour.

Sound. A Meſſenger from *Corcut.*

Yet

Yet more newes?
Meſſ. Long liue the mightie Emperor *Baiazet*,
Corcut the Soldan of *Magneſia*,
Hearing of *Selims* worthie ouerthrow,
And of the comming of yoong *Acomat*,
Doth certifie your maieſtie by me,
How ioyfull he is of your victorie.
And therewithall he humbly doth require
Your grace would do him iuſtice in his cauſe.
His brethren both, vnworthie ſuch a father,
Do ſeeke the Empire while your grace doth liue,
And that by vndirect ſiniſter meanes.
But *Corcuts* mind free from ambitious thoughts,
And truſting to the goodneſſe of his cauſe,
Ioyned vnto your highneſſe tender loue,
Onely deſires your grace ſhould not inueſt
Selim nor *Acomat*, in the Diademe,
Which appertaineth vnto him by right,
But keepe it to your ſelfe the while you liue:
And when it ſhall the great creator pleaſe,
Who hath the ſpirits of all men in his hands,
Shall call your highneſſe to your lateſt home,
Then will he alſo ſue to haue his right.
Baia. Like to a ſhip ſayling without ſtarres,
Whom waues do toſſe one way and winds another,
Both without ceaſing: euen ſo my poore heart
Endures a combat betwixt loue and right.
The loue I beare to my deare *Acomat*,
Commands me giue my ſuffrage vnto him,
But *Corcuts* title, being my eldeſt ſonne,
Bids me recall my hand, and giue it him.
Acomat, he would haue it in my life,
But gentle *Corcut* like a louing ſonne,
Deſires me liue and die an Emperour,
And at my death bequeath my crowne to him.
Ah *Corcut* thou I ſee lou'ſt me indeed,

Selimus ſought to thruſt me downe by force,
And *Acomat* ſeekes the kingdome in my life,
And both of them are grieu'd thou liu'ſt ſo long.
But *Corcut* numbreth not my dayes as they,
O how much dearer loues he me then they.
Baſſaes, how counſell you your Emperour?
Muſt. My gratious Lord, my ſelf wil ſpeak for al,
For all I know are minded as I am.
Your highneſſe knowes the Ianiſſaries loue,
How firme they meane to cleaue to your beheſt,
As well you might perceiue in that ſad fight,
When *Selim* ſet vpon you in your flight.
Then we do all deſire you on our knees,
To keepe the crowne and ſcepter to your ſelfe.
How grieuous will it be vnto your thoughts,
If you ſhould giue the crowne to *Acomat*,
To ſee the brethren disinherited,
To fleſh their anger one vpon another,
And rend the bowels of this mightie raigne.
Suppoſe that *Corcut* would be well content,
Yet thinkes your grace if *Acomat* were king,
That *Selim* ere long would ioine league with him?
Nay he would breake from forth his *Trebiſond*,
And waſte the Empire all with fire and ſword.
Ah then too weake would be poore *Acomat*,
To ſtand againſt his brothers puiſſance,
Or ſaue himſelfe from his enhanced hand.
While *Iſmael* and the cruell Perſians,
And the great Soldane of th'Egyptians,
Would ſmile to ſee our force diſmembred ſo,
I and perchance the neighbour Chriſtians
Would take occaſion to thruſt out their heads.
All this may be preuented by your grace,
If you will yeeld to *Corcuts* iuſt requeſt,
And keepe the kingdome to you while you liue,
Meane time we that your graces ſubiects are,

May make vs ſtrong, to fortifie the man,
Whō at your death your grace ſhal chuſe as king.
Baia. O how thou ſpeakeſt euer like thy ſelfe,
Loyall *Muſtaffa*: well were *Baiazet*
If all his ſonnes, did beare ſuch loue to him.
Though loth I am longer to weare the crowne,
Yet for I ſee it is my ſubiects will,
Once more will *Baiazet* be Emperour.
But we muſt ſend to pacifie our ſonne,
Or he will ſtorme, as earſt did *Selimus*.
Come let vs go vnto our councell Lord,
And there conſider what is to be done.
Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomat*, *Regan*, *Viſir*, and his ſouldiers. *Acomat* muſt read a letter, and then renting it ſay: *Sc. xi*
Aco. Thus will I rend the crowne from off thy head,
Falſe hearted and iniurious *Baiazet*,
To mocke thy ſonne that loued thee ſo deare.
What? for becauſe the head-ſtrong Ianiſſaries
Would not conſent to honour *Acomat*,
And their baſe Baſſaes vow'd to *Selimus*,
Thought me vnworthie of the Turkiſh crowne,
Should he be rul'd and ouerrul'd by them,
Vnder pretence of keeping it himſelfe,
To wipe me cleane for euer being king?
Doth he eſteeme ſo much the Baſſaes words,
And prize their fauour at ſo high a rate,
That for to gratifie their ſtubborne mindes,
He caſts away all care, and all reſpects
Of dutie, promiſe, and religious oathes?
Now by the holy Prophet *Mahomet*,
Chiefe preſident and patron of the Turkes,
I meane to chalenge now my right by Armes,
And winne by ſword that glorious dignitie
Which he iniuriouſly detaines from me.

Haply he thinkes becauſe that *Selimus*
Rebutted by his warlike Ianiſſaries,
Was faine to flie in haſt from whence he came:
That *Acomat* by his example mou'd,
Will feare to manage Armes againſt his ſire.
Or that my life forepaſſed in pleaſures court,
Promiſes weake reſiſtance in the fight:
But he ſhall know that I can vſe my ſwoord,
And like a lyon ſeaze vpon my praie.
If euer *Selim* mou'd him heretofore,
Acomat meanes to mooue him ten times more.
Viſir. T'were good your grace would to *Amaſia*,
And there increaſe your camp with freſh ſupply.
Aco. Viſir, I am impatient of delaie,
And ſince my father hath incenſt me thus,
Ile quēch thoſe kindled flames with his hart blood.
Not like a ſonne, but a moſt cruell foe,
Will *Acomat* henceforth be vnto him.
March to *Natolia*, there we will begin
And make a preface to our maſſacres.
My nephew *Mahomet* ſonne to *Alemſhae*,
Departed lately from *Iconium*,
Is lodged there, and he ſhall be the firſt
Whom I will ſacrifice vnto my wrath.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xii Enter the yoong Prince *Mahomet*, the *Belierbey* of *Natolia*, and one or two ſouldiers.

Maho. Lord Gouernour, what thinke you beſt to doo?
If we receiue the Souldaine *Acomat*,
Who knoweth not but his blood-thirſtie ſwoord
Shall be embowell'd in our country-men.
You know he is diſpleaſde with *Baiazet*,
And will rebell, as *Selim* did to fore,
And would to God with *Selims* ouerthrow.
You know his angrie heart hath vow'd reuenge
On all the ſubiects of his fathers land.

Bel. Yoong prince, thy vncle ſeekes to haue thy life,
Becauſe by right the Turkiſh crowne is thine,
Saue thou thy ſelfe by flight or otherwiſe,
And we will make reſiſtance as we can.
Like an Armenian tygre, that hath loſt
Her loued whelpes, ſo raueth *Acomat*:
And we muſt be ſubiect to his rage,
But you may liue to venge your citizens.
Then flie good prince before your vncle come.
Maho. Nay good my Lord, neuer ſhall it be ſaid
That *Mahomet* the ſonne of *Alemſhae*,
Fled from his citizens for feare of death,
But I will ſtaie, and helpe to fight for you,
And if you needs muſt die, ile die with you.
And I among the reſt with forward hand,
Will helpe to kill a common enemie.
Exeunt All.

Enter *Acomat*, *Viſir*, *Regan*, and the ſouldiers. *Sc. xiii*
Aco. Now faire *Natolia*, ſhall thy ſtately walles
Be ouerthrowne and beaten to the ground.
My heart within me for reuenge ſtill calles.
Why *Baiazet*, thought'ſt thou that *Acomat*
Would put vp ſuch a monſtrous iniurie?
Then had I brought my chiualrie in vaine,
And to no purpoſe drawne my conquering blade,
VVhich now vnſheath'd, ſhal not be ſheath'd againe,
Till it a world of bleeding ſoules hath made.
Poore *Mahomet*, thou thought'ſt thy ſelfe too ſure,
In thy ſtrong citie of *Iconium*,
To plant thy Forces in *Natolia*,
VVeakned ſo much before by *Selims* ſwoord.
Summon a parley to the citizens,
That they may heare the dreadfull words I ſpeak,
And die in thought before they come to blowes.
All. A parley *Mahomet*, *Belierbey*, and ſouldiers on the walles.

Maho. What craues our vncle *Acomat* of vs?
Aco. That thou & all the citie yeeld themſelues,
Or by the holie rites of *Mahomet*
His wondrous tomb, and ſacred *Alcoran*,
You all ſhall die: and not a common death,
But euen as monſtrous as I can deuiſe.
Maho. Vncle, if I may call you by that name,
Which cruelly hunt for your nephewes blood,
You do vs wrong thus to beſiege our towne,
That nere deſeru'd ſuch hatred at your hands,
Being your friends and kinſmen as we are.
Aco. In that thou wrongſt me that thou art my kinſman.
Maho. Why for I am thy nephew doeſt thou frowne?
Aco. I that thou art ſo neare vnto the crowne.
Maho. Why vncle I reſigne my right to thee,
And all my title were it nere ſo good.
Aco. Wilt thou? then know aſſuredly from me,
Ile ſeale the reſignation with thy blood:
Though *Alemſhae* thy father lou'd me well,
Yet *Mahomet* thy ſonne ſhall downe to hell.
Mah. Why vncle doth my life put you in feare?
Aco. It ſhall not nephew, ſince I haue you here.
Maho. VVhen I am dead, mote hindrers ſhalt thou finde.
Acom. VVhen ones cut off, the fewer are behinde.
Maho. Yet thinke the gods do beare an equall eye.
Aco. Faith if they all were ſquint-ey'd, what care I.
Maho. Then *Mahomet* know we will rather die,
Then yeeld vs vp into a tyrants hand.
Aco. Beſhrew me but you be the wiſer *Mahomet*,
For if I do but catch you boy aliue,
Twere better for you runne through Phlegiton.
Sirs ſcale the walles, and pull the caitiues downe,
I giue to you the ſpoyle of all the towne.
Alarum. Scale the walles. Enter *Acomat*, *Viſir* and *Regan*, with *Mahomet.*
Acom. Now yoongſter, you that brau'dſt vs on the walles,

And

And ſhooke your plumed creſt againſt our ſhield,
VVhat wouldſt thou giue, or what wouldſt thou not giue,
That thou wert far inough from *Acomat*?
How like the villaine is to *Baiazet*?
VVel nephew for thy father lou'd me well,
I will not deale extreemly with his ſonne:
Then heare a brieſe compendium of thy death.
Regan go cauſe a groue of ſteelehead ſpeares,
Be pitched thicke vnder the caſtle wall,
And on them let this youthfull captaine fall.
Ma. Thou ſhalt not fear me *Acomat* with death,
Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands.
But as thou giu'ſt me ſuch a monſtrous death,
So do I freely leaue to thee my curſe:
Exit Regan with *Mahomet.*
Aco. O, that wil ſerue to fil my fathers purſe.
Alarum. Enter a ſouldier with *Zonara*, ſiſter to *Mahomet.*
Zon. Ah pardon me deare vncle, pardon me.
Aco. No minion, you are too neare a kin to me.
Zon. If euer pitie entered thy breſt,
Or euer thou waſt touch'd with womans loue,
Sweete vncle ſpare wretched *Zonaras* life.
Thou once waſt noted for a quiet prince,
Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lambe,
Ah do not prooue a lyon vnto me.
Aco. VVhy would'ſt thou liue, when *Mahomet* is dead?
Ron. Ah who ſlew *Mahomet*? Vncle did you?
Aco. He thats prepar'd to do as much for you.
Zon. Doeſt thou not pitie *Alemſhae* in me?
Aco. Yes that he wants ſo long thy companie.
Zon. Thou art not falſe groome ſon to *Baiazet*,
He would relent to heare a woman weepe,
But thou waſt borne in deſart *Caucaſus*,
And the *Hircanian* tygres gaue thee ſucke,
Knowing thou wert a monſter like themſelues.

Acomat.

Aco. Let you her thus to rate vs? Strangle her.
They ſtrangle her.
Now ſcoure the ſtreets, and leaue not one aliue
To carrie theſe ſad newes to *Baiazet.*
That all the citizens may dearly ſay,
This day was fatall to *Natolia.*

Exeunt All.

Sc. xiv Enter *Baiazet*, *Muſtaffa*, and the Ianiſſaries.

Ba. Muſtaffa, if my minde deceiue me not,
Some ſtrange misfortune is not farre from me.
I was not wont to tremble in this ſort.
Me thinkes I feele a cold run through my bones,
As if it haſtned to ſurprize my heart,
Me thinkes ſome voice ſtill whiſpereth in my eares
And bids me to take heed of *Acomat.*

Muſt. Tis but your highneſſe ouercharged mind
VVhich feareth moſt the things it leaſt deſires.

Enter two ſouldiers with the *Belierbey* of *Natolia* in a chaire, and the bodie of *Mahomet* and *Zonara*, in two coffins.

Ba. Ah ſweet *Muſtaffa*, thou art much deceiu'd,
My minde preſages me ſome future harme,
And loe what dolefull exequie is here.
Our chiefe commander of *Natolia*?
VVhat caitiue hand is it hath wounded thee?
And who are theſe couered in tomblack hearſe?

Bel. Theſe are thy nephewes mightie *Baiazet*,
The ſonne and daughter of good *Alemſhae*,
VVhom cruell *Acomat* hath murdred thus.
Theſe eyes beheld, when from an ayrie toure,
They hurld the bodie of yoong *Mahomet*,
VVhereas a band of armed ſouldiers,
Receiued him falling on their ſpeares ſharp points.
His ſiſter poore *Zonara*,
Entreating life and not obtaining it,
VVas ſtrangled by his barbarous ſouldiers.

Baiazet fals in a ſownd, and being recouered ſay:

Baia.

Baia. Oh you diſpencers of our hapleſſe breath,
Why do you glut your eyes, and take delight
To ſee ſad pageants of mens miſeries?
Wherefore haue you prolong'd my wretched life,
To ſee my ſonne my deareſt *Acomat*,
To lift his hands againſt his fathers life?
Ah *Selimus*, now do I pardon thee,
For thou did'ſt ſet vpon me manfully,
And mou'd by an occaſion, though vniuſt.
But *Acomat*, iniurious *Acomat*,
Is tentimes more vnnaturall to me.
Hapleſſe *Zonara*, hapleſſe *Mahomet*,
The poore remainder of my *Alemſhae*,
Which of you both ſhall *Baiazet* moſt waile?
Ah both of you are worthie to be wailde.
Happily dealt the froward fates with thee,
Good *Alemſhae*, for thou didſt die in field,
And ſo preuentedſt this ſad ſpectacle,
Pitifull ſpectacle of ſad dreeriment,
Pitifull ſpectacle of diſmall death.
But I haue liu'd to ſee thee *Alemſhae*,
By *Tartar* Pirates all in peeces torne.
To ſee yoong *Selims* diſobedience.
To ſee the death of *Alemſhaes* poore ſeed.
And laſt of all to ſee my *Acomat*
Prooue a rebellious enemie to me.

Beli. Ah ceaſe your teares vnhappie Emperour,
And ſhead not all for your poore nephews death.
Six thouſand of true-hearted citizens
In faire *Natolia*, *Acomat* hath ſlaine:
The channels run like riuerets of blood,
And I eſcap'd with this poore compande,
Bemangled and diſmembred as you ſee,
To be the meſſenger of theſe ſad newes.
And now mine eyes faſt ſwimming in pale death,
Bids me reſigne my breath vnto the heauens,

Death ſtands before readie for to ſtrike.
Farewell deare Emperour and reuenge our loſſe,
As euer thou doeſt hope for happineſſe. He dies.
Baia. *Auernus* iawes and loathſome *Tænarus*,
From whence the damned ghoaſts do often creep,
Back to the world to puniſh wicked men.
Black *Demogorgon*, grandfather of night,
Send out thy furies from thy firie hall,
The pitileſſe *Erymnies* arm'd with whippes,
And all the damned monſters of black hell,
To powre their plagues on curſed *Acomat.*
How ſhall I mourne, or which way ſhall I turne
To powre my teares vpon my deareſt friends?
Couldſt thou endue falſe-hearted *Acomat*,
To kill thy nephew and thy ſiſter thus,
And wound to death ſo valiant a Lord?
And will you not you albeholding heauens,
Dart down on him your piercing lightning brand,
Enrold in ſulphur, and conſuming flames?
Ah do not *Ioue*, *Acomat* is my ſonne,
And may perhaps by counſell be reclaim'd
And brought to filiall obedience.
Aga thou art a man of peirſant wit,
Go thou and talke with my ſonne *Acomat*,
And ſee if he will any way relent.
Speake him faire *Aga*, leaſt he kill thee too.
And we my Lords will in, and mourne a while,
Ouer theſe princes lamentable tombs.

Exeunt all.

Sc. xv Enter *Acomat*, *Viſir*, *Regan*, and their ſouldiers.

Aco. As *Tityus* in the countrie of the dead,
With reſtleſſe cries doth call vpon high *Ioue*,
The while the vulture tireth on his heart,
So *Acomat*, reuenge ſtill gnawes thy ſoule.
I thinke my ſouldieis hands haue bene too ſlow,

In

In ſheading blood, and murthring innocents.
I thinke my wrath hath bene too patient,
Since ciuill blood quencheth not out the flames
Which *Baiazet* hath kindled in my heart.
Viſir. My gratious Lord, here is a meſſenger
Sent from your father the Emperour.
Enter *Aga*, and one with him.
Aco. Let him come in: *Aga* what newes with you?
Aga. Great Prince, thy father mightie *Baiazet*,
Wonders your grace whom he did loue ſo much,
And thought to leaue poſſeſſour of the crowne,
Would thus requite his loue with mortall hate,
To kill thy nephewes with reuenging ſword,
And maſſacre his ſubiects in ſuch ſort.
Aco. Aga, my father traitrous *Baiazet*,
Detaines the crowne iniuriouſly from me,
Which I will haue if all the world ſay nay.
I am not like the vnmanured land,
Which anſweres not his honours greedie mind:
I ſow not ſeeds vpon the barren ſand,
A thouſand wayes can *Acomat* ſoone finde,
To gaine my will, which if I cannot gaine,
Then purple blood my angry hands ſhall ſtaine.
Aga. Acomat, yet learne by *Selimus*,
That haſtie purpoſes haue hated endes.
Aco. Tuſh *Aga*, *Selim* was not wiſe inough
To ſet vpon the head at the firſt brunt:
He ſhould haue done as I do meane to do,
Fill all the confines, with fire, ſword, and blood:
Burne vp the fields, and ouerthrow whole townes,
And when he had endammaged that way,
Thē teare the old man peecemeale with my teeth,
And colour my ſtrong hands with his gore-blood.
Aga. O ſee my Lord, how fell ambition
Deceiues your ſences and bewitcyes you,
Could you vnkind performe ſo foule a deed,

As kill the man, that firſt gaue life to you?
Do you not feare the peoples aduerſe fame?
Aco. It is the greateſt glorie of a king
When, though his ſubiects hate his wicked deeds
Yet are they forſt to beare them all with praiſe.
Aga. Whom feare conſtraines to praiſe their princes deeds,
That feare, eternall hatred in them feeds.
Aco. He knowes not how to ſway the kingly mace,
That loues to be great in his peoples grace:
The ſureſt ground for kings to build vpon,
Is to be fear'd and curſt of euery one.
What though the world of nations me hate?
Hate is peculiar to a princes ſtate.
Aga. Where ther's no ſhame, no care of holy law,
No faith, no iuſtice, no integritie,
That ſtate is full of mutabilitie.
Aco. Bare faith, pure vertue, poore integritie,
Are ornaments fit for a priuate man,
Beſeemes a prince for to do all he can.
Aga. Yet know it is a ſacrilegious will,
To ſlaie thy father were he nere ſo ill.
Aco. Tis lawfull gray-beard for to do to him,
What ought not to be done vnto a father.
Hath he not wip't me from the Turkiſh crowne?
Preferr'd he not the ſtubborne Ianizaries,
And heard the Baſſaes ſtout petitions,
Before he would giue eare to my requeſt?
As ſure as day, mine eyes ſhall nere taſt ſleepe,
Before my ſword haue riuen his periur'd breſt.
Aga. Ah let me neuer liue to ſee that day.
Aco. Yes thou ſhalt liue, but neuer ſee that day,
Wanting the tapers that ſhould giue thee light:
Puls out his eyes.
Thou ſhalt not ſee ſo great felicitie,
When I ſhall rend out *Baiazets* dimme eyes,
And by his death inſtall my ſelfe a king.

Aga.

Aga. Ah cruell tyrant and vnmercifull,
More bloodie then the *Anthropomphagi*,
That fill their hungry ſtomachs with mans fleſh.
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſlaine me barbarous *Acomat*,
Not leaue me in ſo comfortleſſe a life
To liue on earth, and neuer ſee the ſunne.
Aco. Nay let him die that liueth at his eaſe,
Death would a wretched caitiue greatly pleaſe.
Aga. And thinkſt thou then to ſcape vnpuiſhed,
No *Acomat*, though both mine eyes be gone,
Yet are my hands left on to murther thee.
Aco. T'was wel remembred: *Regan* cut them off.
They cut of his hands and giue them *Acomat.*
Now in that ſort go tell thy Fmperour
That if himſelfe had but bene in thy place,
I would haue vs'd him crueller then thee:
Here take thy hands: I know thou lou'ſt them wel.
Opens his boſome, and puts them in.
Which hand is this? right? or left? canſt thou tell?
Aga. I know not which it is, but tis my hand.
But oh thou ſupreme architect of all,
Firſt mouer of thoſe tenfold chriſtall orbes,
Where all thoſe mouing, and vnmouing eyes
Behold thy goodneſſe euerlaſtingly:
See, vnto thee I lift theſe bloudie armes,
For hands I haue not for to lift to thee,
And in thy iuſtice dart thy ſmouldring flame
Vpon the head of curſed *Acomat.*
Oh cruell heauens and iniurious fates,
Euen the laſt refuge of a wretched man,
Is tooke from me: for how can *Aga* weepe?
Or ruine a briniſh ſhew'r of pearled teares?
Wanting the watry ceſternes of his eyes?
Come lead me backe againe to *Baiazet*,
The wofulleſt, and ſadd'ſt Embaſſadour
That euer was diſpatch'd to any King.

Aco. Why ſo, this muſicke pleaſes *Acomat.*
And would I had my doating father here,
I would rip vp his breaſt, and rend his heart,
Into his bowels thruſt my angry hands,
As willingly, and with as good a mind,
As I could be the Turkiſh Emperour.
And by the cleare declining vault of heauen,
Whither the ſoules of dying men do flee,
Either I meane to dye the death my ſelfe,
Or make that old falſe faitour bleed his laſt.
For death no ſorrow could vnto me bring,
So *Acomot* might die the Turkiſh king.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xvi Enter *Baiazet*, *Muſtaffa*, *Cali*, *Hali*, and *Aga* led by a ſouldier: who keeling before *Baiazet*, and holding his legs ſhall ſay:

Aga. Is this the bodie of my ſoueraigne?
Are theſe the ſacred pillars that ſupport
The image of true magnanimitie?
Ah *Baiazet*, thy ſonne falſe *Acomat*
Is full reſolued to take thy life from thee:
Tis true, tis true, witneſſe theſe handleſſe armes,
VVitneſſe theſe emptie lodges of mine eyes,
VVitneſſe the gods that from the higheſt heauen
Beheld the tyrant with remorceleſſe heart,
Puld out mine eyes, and cut off my weake hands.
VVitneſſe that ſun whoſe golden coloured beames
Your eyes do ſee, but mine can nere behold:
VVitneſſe the earth that ſucked vp my blood,
Streaming in riuers from my tronked armes.
VVitneſſe the preſent that he ſends to thee,
Open my boſome, there you ſhall it ſee.

Muſtaffa opens his boſome and takes out his hands.

Thoſe are the hands, which *Aga* once did vſe,
To toſſe the ſpeare, and in a warlike gyre

To hurtle my ſharpe ſword about my head,
Thoſe ſends he to the wofull Emperour,
With purpoſe ſo cut thy hands from thee.
Why is my ſoueraigne ſilent all this while?
Ba. Ah *Aga*, *Baiazet* faine would ſpeak to thee,
But ſodaine ſorrow eateth vp my words.
Baiazet Aga, faine would weepe for thee,
But cruell ſorrow drieth vp my teares.
Baiazet Aga, faine would die for thee,
But griefe hath weakned my poore aged hands.
How can he ſpeak, whoſe tongue ſorrow hath tide?
How can he mourne, that cannot ſhead a teare?
How ſhall he liue, that full of miſerie
Calleth for death, which will not let him die?
Muſt. Let women weep, let children powre foorth teares,
And cowards ſpend the time in bootleſſe mone.
Wee'l load the earth with ſuch a mightie hoaſt
Of Ianizaries, ſterne-borne ſonnes of *Mars*,
That *Phæb* ſhall flie and hide him in the cloudes
For feare our iauelins thruſt him from his waine.
Old *Aga* was a Prince among your Lords,
His Councels alwaies were true oracles,
And ſhall he thus vnmanly be miſus'd,
And he vnpuniſhed that did the deed?
Shall *Mahomet* and poore *Zonaras* ghoaſts,
And the good gouernour of *Natalia*
Wander in *Stygian* meadowes vnreueng'd?
Good Emperour ſtir vp thy manly heart,
And ſend forth all thy warlike Ianizaries
To chaſtiſe that rebellious *Acomat*.
Thou knowſt we cannot fight without a guide,
And he muſt be one of the royall blood,
Sprung from the loines of mightie *Ottoman*,
And who remaines now, but yoong *Selimus*?
So pleaſe your grace to pardon his offence,
And make him captaine of th'imperiall hoaſt.

Baia. I good *Muſtaffa*, ſend for *Selimus*,
So I may be reueng'd I care not how,
The worſt that can befall me is but death,
That would end my wofull miſerie.
Selimus he muſt worke me this good turne,
I cannot kill my ſelfe, hee'l do't for me.
Come *Aga*, thou and I will weepe the while:
Thou for thy eyes and loſſe of both thy hands,
I for th'vnkindneſſe of my *Acomat*.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xvii Enter *Selimus*, and a meſſenger with a letter from *Baiazet*.

Selim. Will fortune fauour me yet once againe?
And will ſhe thruſt the cards into my hands?
VVell if I chance but once to get the decke,
To deale about and ſhufle as I would:
Let *Selim* neuer ſee the day-light ſpring,
Vnleſſe I ſhuffle out my ſelfe a king.
Friend let me ſee thy letter once againe,
That I may read theſe reconciling lines.

Reades the letter.

Thou haſt a pardon *Selim* granted thee.
Mustaffa and the forward Ianizaries
Haue ſued to thy father *Baiazet*,
That thou maiſt be their captaine generall
Againſt th'attempts of Souldane *Acomat*.
VVhy thats the thing that I requeſted moſt,
That I might once th'imperiall armie leade:
And ſince its offred me ſo willingly,
Beſhrew me but ile take their curteſie.
Soft let me ſee is there no policie
T'entrap poore *Selimus* in this deuice?
It may be that my father feares me yet,
Leaſt I ſhould once againe riſe vp in armes,
And like *Antæus* queld by *Hercules*,
Gather new forces by my ouerthrow:

And therefore ſends for me vnder pretence
Of this, and that: but when he hath me there,
Hee'll make me ſure for putting him in feare.
Diſtruſt is good, when theirs cauſe of diſtruſt.
Read it againe, perchance thou doeſt miſtake.
(Reade.
O, heer's *Muſtaffas* ſignet ſet thereto,
Then *Selim* caſt all fooliſh feare aſide,
For hee's a Prince that fauours thy eſtate,
And hateth treaſon worſe then death it ſelfe.
And hardly can I thinke he could be brought
If there were treaſon, to ſubſcribe his name.
Come friend, the cauſe requires we ſhuld be gone,
Now once againe haue at the Turkiſh throne.
Exeunt Both.

Enter *Baiazet* leading *Aga*, *Mustaffa*, *Sc. xviii*
Hali, *Cali*, *Selimus*, the Ianizaries.

Baia. Come mournfull *Aga*, come and ſit by me,
Thou haſt bene ſorely grieu'd for *Baiazet*,
Good reaſon then that he ſhould grieue for thee.
Giue me thy arm, though thou haſt loſt thy hands,
And liu'ſt as a poore exile in this light,
Yet haſt thou wonne the heart of *Baiazet*.
Aga. Your graces words are verie comfortable,
And well can *Aga* beare his grieuous loſſe,
Since it was for ſo good a Princes ſake.
Seli. Father, if I may call thee by that name,
Whoſe life I aim'd at with rebellious ſword:
In all humilitie thy reformed ſonne,
Offers himſelfe into your graces hands,
And at your feete laieth his bloodie ſword,
Which he aduanc'd againſt your maieſtie.
If my offence do ſeeme ſo odious
That I deſerue not longer time to liue,
Behold I open vnto you my breſt,
Readie prepar'd to die at your command.

But if repentance in vnfained heart,
And ſorrow for my grieuous crime forepaſt,
May merit pardon at your princely hands.
Behold where poore inglorious *Selimus*,
Vpon his knees begs pardon of your grace.
Baia. Stand vp my ſon, I ioy to heare thee ſpeak,
But more, to heare thou art ſo well reclaim'd.
Thy crime was nere ſo odious vnto me,
But thy reformed life and humble thoughts,
Are thrice as pleaſing to my aged ſpirit.
Selim we here pronounce thee by our will,
Chiefe generall of the warlike Ianizaries.
Go lead them out againſt falſe *Acomat*,
Which hath ſo grieuouſly rebell'd gainſt me.
Spare him not *Selim*, though he be my ſonne,
Yet do I now cleane disinherit him,
As common enemy to me and mine.
Seli. May *Selim* liue to ſhew how dutifull
And louing he will be to *Baiazet*.
So now doth fortune ſmile on me againe,
And in regard of former iniuries,
Offer me millions of Diadems:
I ſmile to ſee how that the good old man,
Thinks *Selims* thoughts are broght to ſuch an ebbe
As he hath caſt off all ambitious hope.
But ſoone ſhall that opinion be remou'd,
For if I once get mongſt the Ianizars,
Then on my head the golden crowne ſhall ſit.
Well *Baiazet*, I feare me thou wilt greeue,
That ere thou didſt thy faining ſonne beleeue.
Exit Selim, with all the reſt, ſaue *Baiazet*
and *Aga*.
Ba. Now *Aga*, all the thoghts that troubled me,
Do reſt within the center of my heart,
And thou ſhalt ſhortly ioy as much with me,
Then *Acomat* by *Selims* conſuming ſword,

Shall leeſe that ghoaſt, which made thee looſe thy ſight.
Aga. Ah *Baiazet*, *Aga* lookes not for reuenge,
But will powre out his praiers to the heauens,
That *Acomat* may learne by *Selimus*,
To yeeld himſelfe vp to his fathers grace.
Sound within, long liue *Selimus* Emperour of Turkes.
Baia. How now, what ſodaine triumph haue we here?
Muſt. Ah gratious Lord, the captaines of the hoſte,
With one aſſent haue crown'd Prince *Selimus*,
And here he comes with all the Ianizaries,
To craue his confirmation at thy hands.
Enter *Cali Baſſa*, *Selimus*, *Hali Baſſa*, *Sinam*, and the Ianizaries.
Sinam. Baiazet, we the captaines of thy hoaſt,
Knowing thy weake and too vnwildie age,
Vnable is longer to gouerne vs:
Haue choſen *Selimus* thy yoonger ſonne
That he may be our leader and our guide,
Againſt the *Sophi* and his Perſians,
Gainſt the victorious Soldane *Tonumbey*.
Their wants but thy conſent, which we wil haue,
Or hew thy bodie peece-meale with our ſwords.
Baia. Needs muſt I giue, what is alreadie gone.
He takes of his crowne.
Here *Selimus*, thy father *Baiazet*
Weeried with cares that wayt vpon a king,
Reſignes the crowne as willingly to thee,
As ere my father gaue it vnto me.
Sets it on his head.
All. Long liue *Selimus* Emperour of Turkes.
Baia. Liue thou a long and a victorious raigne,
And be triumpher of thine enemies.
Aga and I will to *Dimoticum*,
And liue in peace the remnant of our dayes.
Exit Baiazet and *Aga.*

Seli. Now ſit I like the arme-ſtrong ſon of *Ioue*,
When after he had all his monſters quell'd,
He was receiu'd in heauen mongſt the gods,
And had faire *Hebe* for his louely bride.
As many labours *Selimus* hath had,
And now at length attained to the crowne,
This is my *Hebe*, and this is my heauen.
Baiazet goeth to *Dimoticum*,
And there he purpoſes to liue at eaſe,
But *Selimus*, as long as he is on earth,
Thou ſhalt not ſleep in reſt without ſome broyle,
For *Baiazet* is vnconſtant as the winde:
To make that ſure I haue a platforme laid.
Baiazet hath with him a cunning Iew,
Profeſſing phiſicke, and ſo skill'd therein,
As if he had pow'r ouer life and death.
Withall, a man ſo ſtout and reſolute,
That he will venture any thing for gold.
This Iew with ſome intoxicated drinke,
Shall poyſon *Baiazet* and that blind Lord,
Then one of *Hydraes* heads is cleane cut off.
Go ſome and fetch *Abraham* the Iew.
Exit one for *Abraham.*
Corcut, thy pageant next is to be plaid.
For though he be a graue Philoſopher,
Giuen to read *Mahomets* dread lawes,
And *Razins* toyes, and *Auicemaes* drugges,
Yet he may haue a longing for the crowne.
Beſides, he may by diuelliſh Negromancie
Procure my death, or worke my ouerthrow,
The diuell ſtill is readie to do harme.
Hali, you and your brother preſently
Shall with an armie to *Magneſia*,
There you ſhall find the ſcholler at his booke,
And hear'ſt thou *Hali*? ſtrangle him.
Exeunt Hali, and *Cali.*

Corcut

Corcut once dead, then *Acomat* remaines,
Whoſe death wil make me certaine of the crowne.
Theſe heads of *Hydra* are the principall,
When theſe are off, ſome other will ariſe,
As *Amurath* and *Aladin*, ſonnes to *Acomat*,
My ſiſter *Solyma*, *Muſtaffaes* wife,
All theſe ſhall ſuffer ſhipwrack on a ſhelfe,
Rather then *Selim* will be drown'd himſelfe.
Enter *Abraham* the Iew.
Iew thou art welcome vnto *Selimus*,
I haue a piece of ſeruice for you ſir,
But on your life be ſecret in the deed.
Get a ſtrong poyſon, whoſe enuenom'd taſte
May take away the life of *Baiazet*,
Before he paſſe forth of *Bizantium*.
Abra. I warrant you my gratious ſoueraigne,
He ſhall be quickly ſent vnto his graue,
For I haue potions of ſo ſtrong a force,
That whoſoeuer touches them ſhall die.
Speakes aſide.
And wold your grace would once but taſt of them
I could as willingly affoord them you,
As your aged father *Baiazet.*
My Lord, I am reſolu'd to do the deed.
Exit. Abraham.
Seli. So this is well: for I am none of thoſe
That make a conſcience for to kill a man.
For nothing is more hurtfull to a Prince,
Then to be ſcrupulous and religious.
I like *Lyſanders* counſell paſſing well,
If that I cannot ſpeed with lyons force,
To cloath my complots in a foxes skin.
For th'onely things that wrought our Empirie
Were open wrongs, and hidden trecherie.
Oh, th'are two wings wherewith I vſe to flie
And ſoare aboue the common ſort.

If any ſeeke our wrongs to remedie,
With theſe I take his meditation ſhort,
And one of theſe ſhall ſtil maintaine my cauſe,
Or foxes skin, or lions rending pawes.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xix Enter *Baiazet*, *Aga*, in mourning clokes,
Abraham the Iew with a cup.

Baia. Come *Aga* let vs ſit and mourne a while,
For fortune neuer ſhew'd her ſelfe ſo croſſe,
To any Prince as to poore *Baiazet*.
That wofull Emperour firſt of my name,
Whom the Tartarians locked in cage,
To be a ſpectacle to all the world,
Was ten times happier then I am.
For *Tamberlaine* the ſcourge of nations,
Was he that puld him from his kingdome ſo.
But mine owne ſonnes, expell me from the throne,
Ah where ſhall I begin to make my mone.
Or what ſhall I firſt recken in my plaint,
From my youth vp I haue bene drown'd in woe,
And to my lateſt houre I ſhall be ſo.
You ſwelling ſeas of neuer ceaſing care,
Whoſe waues my weather-beaten ſhip do toſſe,
Your boyſtrous billowes too vnruly are
And threaten ſtill my ruine and my loſſe:
Like hugie mountaines do your waters reare,
Their loftie toppes, and my weake veſſell croſſe.
Alas at length allaie your ſtormie ſtrife,
And cruell wrath within me rages rife.
Or elſe my feeble barke cannot endure,
Your flaſhing buffets and outragious blowes,
But while thy foamie floud doth it immure,
Shall ſoone be wrackt vpon the ſandie ſhallowes.
Griefe my leaud boat-ſwaine ſtirreth nothing ſure,
But without ſtars gainſt tide and wind he rowes,
And cares not though vpon ſome rock we ſplit,

A reſtleſſe

A reſtleſſe pilot for the charge vnfit.
But out alaſſe, the god that vales the ſea,
And can alone this raging tempeſt ſtent,
Will neuer blow a gentle gale of eaſe,
But ſuffer my poore veſſell to be rent.
Then ô thou blind procurer of miſchance,
That ſtaiſt thy ſelfe vpon a turning wheele,
Thy cruel hand euen when thou wilt enhance,
And pierce my poore hart with thy chrillant ſteele
Aga. Ceaſe *Baiazet*, now it is *Agas* turne,
Reſt thou a while and gather vp more teares,
The while poore *Aga* tell his Tragedie.
When firſt my mother brought me to the world,
Some blazing Comet ruled in the skie,
Portending miſerable chance to me.
My parents were but men of poore eſtate,
And happie yet had wretched *Aga* bene,
If *Baiazet* had not exalted him.
Poore *Aga*, had it not bene much more faire,
T'haue died among the cruell Perſians,
Then thus at home by barbarous tyrannie
To liue and neuer ſee the cheerfull day,
And to want hands wherewith to feele the way.
Ba. Leaue weeping *Aga*, we haue wept inough,
Now *Baiazet* will ban another while,
And vtter curſes to the concaue skie,
Which may infect the regions of the ayre,
And bring a generall plague on all the world.
Night thou moſt antient grand-mother of all,
Firſt made by *Ioue*, for reſt and quiet ſleepe,
When cheerful day is gon from th'earths wide hall.
Henceforth thy mantle in blak *Lethe* ſleepe,
And cloath the world in darkneſſe infernall.
Suffer not once the ioyfull dailight peepe,
But let thy pitchie ſteeds aye draw thy waine,
And coaleblack ſilence in the world ſtill raigne.

Curſe on my parents that firſt brought me vp,
And on the cradle wherein I was rockt,
Curſe on the day when firſt I was created
The chiefe commander of all *Aſia*.
Curſe on my ſonnes that driue me to this griefe,
Curſe on my ſelfe that can finde no reliefe.
And curſe on him, an euerlaſting curſe,
That quench'd thoſe lampes of euerburning light,
And tooke away my *Agas* warlike hands.
And curſe on all things vnder the wide skie,
Ah *Aga*, I haue curſt my ſtomacke drie.
Abra. I haue a drinke my Lords of noble worth,
Which ſoone will calme your ſtormie paſſions,
And glad your hearts if ſo you pleaſe to taſte it.
Baia. For who art thou that thus doeſt pitie vs?
Abra. Your highneſſe humble ſeruant *Abrahā*.
Baia. *Abraham* ſit downe and drink to *Baiazet*.
Abra. Faith I am old as well as *Baiazet*,
And haue not many months to liue on earth,
I care not much to end my life with him.
Heer's to you Lordings with a full carouſe.
He drinkes.
Baia. Here *Aga*, wofull *Baiazet* drinkes to thee.
Abraham, hold the cup to him while he drinkes.
Abra. Now know old Lords, that you haue drunk your laſt:
This was a potion which I did prepare
To poyſon you, by *Selimus* inſtigation,
And now it is diſperſed through my bones,
And glad I am that ſuch companions
Shall go with me downe to *Proſerpina*.
He dies.
Baia. Ah wicked Iew, ah curſed *Selimus*,
How haue the deſtins dealt with *Baiazet*,
That none ſhuld cauſe my death but mine own ſon?
Had *Iſmael* and his warlike Perſians
Pierced my bodie with their iron ſpeares,

Or had the ſtrong vnconquer'd *Tonumbey*
With his Aegyptians tooke me priſoner,
And ſent me with his valiant Mammalukes,
To be praie vnto the *Crocodilus*.
It neuer would haue grieu'd me halfe ſo much.
But welcome death into whoſe calmie port,
My ſorrow-beaten ſoule ioyes to arriue.
And now farewell my diſobedient ſonnes,
Vnnaturall ſonnes vnworthie of that name.
Farewell ſweete life, and *Aga* now farewell,
Till we ſhall meete in the Elyſian fields.

He dies.

Aga. What greater griefe had mournful *Priamus*,
Then that he liu'd to ſee his *Hector* die,
His citie burnt downe by reuenging flames,
And poore *Polites* ſlaine before his face?
Aga, thy griefe is matchable to his,
For I haue liu'd to ſee my ſoueraignes death,
Yet glad that I muſt breath my laſt with him.
And now farewell ſweet light, which my poore eyes
Theſe twice ſix moneths neuer did behold:
Aga will follow noble *Baiazet*,
And beg a boone of louely *Proſerpine*,
That he and I may in the mournfull fields,
Still weepe and waile our ſtrange calamities.

He dies

Enter *Bullithrumble*, the ſhepheard running in haſt, *Sc. xx*
and laughing to himſelfe.

Bulli. Ha, ha, ha, married quoth you? Marry and *Bullithrumble* were to begin the world againe, I would ſet a tap abroach, and not liue in daily feare of the breach of my wiues ten-commandemens. Ile tell you what, I thought my ſelfe as proper a fellow at waſters, as any in all our village, and yet when my wife begins to plaie clubbes trumpe with me, I am faine to ſing:

What hap had I to marry a ſhrew,
For ſhe hath giuen me many a blow,

And how to pleaſe her alas I do not know.
From morne to euen her toong ne'r lies,
Sometime ſhe laughs, ſometime ſhe cries:
And I can ſcarce keep her talēts fro my eies.
When from abroad I do come in,
Sir knaue ſhe cries, where haue you bin?
Thus pleaſe, or diſpleaſe, ſhe laies it on my skin.
Then do I crouch, then do I kneele,
And wiſh my cap were furr'd with ſteele,
To beare the blows that my poore head doth feele.
But our ſir *Iohn* beſhrew thy hart,
For thou haſt ioynd vs we cannot part,
And I poore foole, muſt euer beare the ſmart.

Ile tell you what, this morning while I was making me readie, ſhe came with a holly wand, and ſo bleſt my ſhoulders that I was faine to runne through a whole Alphabet of faces: now at the laſt ſeeing ſhe was ſo cramuk with me, I began to ſweare all the criſſe croſſe row ouer, beginning at great A, litle a, til I cam to w, x, y. And ſnatching vp my ſheephooke, & my bottle and my bag, like a deſperate fellow ranne away, and here now ile ſit downe and eate my meate.

While he is eating, Enter *Corcut* and his Page, diſguiſed like mourners.

Cor. O hatefull helliſh ſnake of *Tartary*,
That feedeſt on the ſoule of nobleſt men,
Damned ambition, cauſe of all miſerie,
Why doeſt thou creep from out thy loathſome fen,
And with thy poyſon animateſt friends,
And gape and long one for the others ends.
Selimus, could'ſt thou not content thy mind,
With the poſſeſſion of the ſacred throne,
Which thou didſt get by fathers death vnkind:
Whoſe poiſon'd ghoſt before high God doth grone.
But thou muſt ſeeke poore *Corcuts* ouerthrow,
That neuer iniured thee, ſo, nor ſo?

Old *Halies* ſonnes with two great companie
Of barded horſe, were ſent from *Selimus*,
To take me priſoner in *Magneſia*,
And death I am ſure ſhould haue befell to me,
If they had once but ſet their eyes on me.
So thus diſguiſed my poore Page and I,
Fled faſt to *Smirna*, where in a darke caue
We meant t'await th'arriuall of ſome ſhip
That might transfreit vs ſafely vnto *Rhodes*.
But ſee how fortune croſt my enterpriſe.
Bostangi Baſſa, *Selims* ſonne in law,
Kept all the ſea coaſts with his *Brigandines*,
That if we had but ventured on the ſea,
I preſently had bene his priſoner.
Theſe two dayes haue we kept vs in the caue,
Eating ſuch hearbes as the ground did affoord:
And now through hunger are we both conſtrain'd
Like fearefull ſnakes to creep out ſtep by ſtep,
And ſee if we may get vs any food.
And in good time, ſee yonder ſits a man,
Spreading a hungry dinner on the graſſe.

Bullithrumble ſpies them, and puts vp his meate.

Bull. Theſe are ſome felonians, that ſeeke to rob me, well, ile make my ſelfe a good deale valianter then I am indeed, and if they will needes creep into kindred with me, ile betake me to my old occupation, and runne away.

Corcut. Haile groome.

Bull. Good Lord ſir, you are deceiued, my names maſter *Bullithrumble*: this is ſome couſoning conicatching crosbiter, that would faine perſwade me he knowes me, and ſo vnder a tence of familiaritie and acquaintance, vncle me of victuals.

Corcut. Then *Bullithrumble*, if that be thy name:

Bull. My name ſir ô Lord yes, and if you wil not beleeue me, I wil bring my godfathers and godmothers, and they ſhal ſwear it vpon the font-ſtone, and vpon the church booke too, where it is written.

Bull. Maſſe, I thinke he be ſome Iuſtice of peace, *ad quorum*, and *omnium populorum*, how he ſamines me: a chriſtian, yes marrie am I ſir, yes verely and do beleeue: and it pleaſe you ile goe forward in my catechiſme.

Corcut. Then *Bullithrumble*, by that bleſſed Chriſt,
And by the tombe where he was buried,
By ſoueraigne hope which thou conceiu'ſt in him,
Whom dead, as euerliuing thou adoreſt.

Bull. O Lord helpe me, I ſhall be torne in peeces with diuels and goblins.

Corcut. By all the ioyes thou hop'ſt to haue in heauen,
Giue ſome meate to poore hunger-ſtarued men.

Bulli. Oh, theſe are as a man ſhould ſay beggars: Now will I be as ſtately to them as if I were maiſter *Pigwiggen* our conſtable: well ſirs come before me, tell me if I ſhould entertain you, would you not ſteale?

Page. If we did meane ſo ſir, we would not make your worſhip acquainted with it.

Bulli. A good well nutrimented lad: well if you will keepe my ſheepe truly and honeſtly, keeping your hands from lying and ſlandering, and your tongues from picking and ſtealing, you ſhall be maiſter *Bullithrumbles* ſeruitures.

Corcut. With all our hearts.

Bulli. Then come on and follow me, we will haue a hogges cheek, and a diſh of tripes, and a ſocietie of puddings, & to field: a ſocietie of puddings, did you marke that well vſed metaphor? Another would haue ſaid, a company of puddings: if you dwel with me long ſirs, I ſhall make you as eloquent as our parſon himſelfe.

Exeunt Corcut, and *Bullithrumble.*

Page. Now is the time when I may be enrich'd.
The brethren that were ſent by *Selimus*
To take my Lord, Prince *Corcut* priſoner,
Finding him fled, propoſed large rewards
To them that could declare where he remaines.
Faith ile to them and get the portagues,

Though

Though by the bargain *Corcut* looſe his head.

Exit Page.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam-baſſa*, the courſes of *Muſtaffa* and *Aga*, *Sc. xxi*
with funerall pompe, *Muſtaffa*, and the Ianizaries.

Seli. Why thus muſt *Selim* blind his ſubiect eies,
And ſtraine his owne to weep for *Baiazet*.
They will not dreame I made him away,
When thus they ſee me with religious pompe,
To celebrate his tomb-blacke mortarie. (To himſelfe.
And though my heart caſt in an iron mould,
Cannot admit the ſmalleſt dramme of griefe,
Yet that I may be thought to loue him well,
Ile mourne in ſhew, though I reioyce indeed.

To the courſes.

Thus after he hath fiue long ages liu'd,
The ſacred *Phœnix* of *Arabia*,
Loadeth his wings with pretious perfumes,
And on the altar of the golden ſunne,
Offers himſelfe a gratefull ſacrifice.
Long didſt thou liue triumphant *Baiazet*,
A feare vnto thy greateſt enemies,
And now that death the conquerour of Kings,
Diſlodged hath thy neuer dying ſoule,
To flee vnto the heauens from whence ſhe came,
And leaue her fraile, earth pauilion,
Thy bodie in this auntient monument,
Where our great predeceſſours ſleep in reſt:

Suppoſe the Temple of *Mahomet*.

Thy wofull ſonne *Selimus* thus doth place.
Thou wert the *Phœnix* of this age of ours,
And diedſt wrapped in the ſweete perfumes,
Of thy magnifick deeds, whoſe laſting praiſe
Mounteth to higheſt heauen with golden wings.
Princes come beare your Emperour companie
In, till the dayes of mourning be ore paſt,
And then we meane to rouze falſe *Acomat*,

And caſt him foorth of *Macedonia*.

Exeunt All.

Sc. xxii Enter *Hali*, *Cali*, *Corcuts* Page, and one or two ſouldiers.

Page. My Lords, if I bring you not where *Corcut* is, then let me be hanged, but if I deliuer him vp into your hands, then let me haue the reward due to ſo good a deed.

Hali. Page, if thou ſhew vs where thy maiſter is,
Be ſure thou ſhalt be honoured for the deed,
And high exalted aboue other men.

Enter *Corcut*, and *Bullithrumble*.

Page. That ſame is he, that in diſguiſed robes,
Accompanies yon ſhepheard to the fields.

Cor. The ſweet content that country life affoords,
Paſſeth the royall pleaſures of a King:
For there our ioyes are interlaced with feares:
But here no feare nor care is harboured,
But a ſweete calme of a moſt quiet ſtate.
Ah *Corcut*, would thy brother *Selimus*
But let thee liue, here ſhould'ſt thou ſpend thy life,
Feeding thy ſheep among theſe graſſie lands.
But ſure I wonder where my Page is gone.

Hali. *Corcut*.

Corcut. Ay-me, who nameth me?

Hali. *Hali*, the gouernour of *Magneſia*.
Poore prince, thou thoghtſt in theſe diſguiſed weeds,
To maske vnſeene: and happily thou might'ſt,
But that thy Page betraied thee to vs.
And be not wrath with vs vnhappie prince,
If we do what our ſoueraigne commands.
Tis for thy death that *Selim* ſends for thee.

Cor. Thus I like poore *Ampharaus*, ſought
By hiding my eſtate in ſhepheards coate,
T'eſcape the angry wrath of *Selimus*.
But as his wife falſe *Eriphyle* did
Betray his ſafetie for a chaine of gold,

So

So my falſe Page hath vilely dealt with me,
Pray God that thou maiſt proſper ſo as ſhe.
Hali, I know thou ſorroweſt for my caſe,
But it is bootleſſe, come and let vs go,
Corcut is readie, ſince it is muſt be ſo.
Cali. Shepheard.
Bulli. Thats my profeſſion ſir.
Cali. Come, you muſt go with vs.

Bulli. Who I? Alaſſe ſir, I haue a wife and ſeuenteene cradles rocking, two ploughs going, two barnes filling, and a great heard of beaſts feeding, and you ſhould vtterly vndo me to take me to ſuch a great charge.
Cali. Well there is no remedie.
Exeunt all, but *Bullithrumble* ſtealing from them cloſely away.
Bulli. The mores the pitie. Go with you quoth he, marrie that had bene the way to preferment, downe *Holburne* vp *Tiburne*: well ile keepe my beſt ioynt from the ſtrappado as well as I can hereafter, Ile haue no more ſeruants.
Exit running away.

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam-Baſſa*, *Muſtaffa*, and the Ianizaries. *Sc. xxiii*

Seli. Sinam, we heare our brother *Acomat*
Is fled away from *Macedonia*,
To aske for aide of Perſian *Iſmael*,
And the Ægyptian Soldane our chiefe foes.
Sinam. Herein my Lord I like his enterpriſe,
For if they giue him aide as ſure they will,
Being your highneſſe vowed enemies,
You ſhall haue iuſt cauſe for to warre on them,
For giuing ſuccour gainſt you, to your foe.
You know they are two mightie Potentates,
And may be hurtfull neighbours to your grace,
And to enrich the Turkiſh Diademe.

With

With two ſo worthie kingdomes as they are,
Would be eternall glorie to your name.
Seli. By heauens *Sinam*, th'art a warriour,
And worthie counceller vnto a King.
Sound within. Enter *Cali* and *Hali*, with
Corcut and his Page.
How now, what newes?
Cali. My gratious Lord, we here preſent to you
Your brother *Corcut*, whom in *Smirna* coaſts
Feeding a flocke of ſheepe vpon a downe,
His traitrous Page betraied to our hands.
Seli. Thanks ye bold brethren, but for that falſe part,
Let the vile Page be famiſhed to death.
Corcut. *Selim*, in this I ſee thou art a Prince,
To puniſh treaſon with condigne reward.
Seli. O ſir, I loue the fruite that treaſon brings,
But thoſe that are the traitors, them I hate.
But *Corcut* could not your Philoſophie
Keepe you ſafe from my Ianizaries hands.
We thought you had old *Gyges* wondrous ring,
That ſo you were inuiſible to vs.
Cor. *Selim*, thou dealſt vnkindly with thy brother,
To ſeeke my death, and make a ieſt of me.
Vpbraid'ſt thou me with my philoſophie?
Why this I learn'd by ſtudying learned arts,
That I can beare my fortune as it falles,
And that I feare no whit thy crueltie,
Since thou wilt deale no otherwiſe with me,
Then thou haſt dealt with aged *Baiazet*.
Seli. By heauens *Corcut*, thou ſhalt ſurely die,
For ſlandring *Selim* with my fathers death.
Cor. Thē let me freely ſpeak my mind this once,
For thou ſhalt neuer heare me ſpeake againe.
Sel. Nay we can giue ſuch looſers leaue to ſpeak.
Cor. Then *Selim*, heare thy brothers dying words,
And marke them well, for ere thou die thy ſelfe,

Thou

Thou ſhalt perceiue all things will come to paſſe,
That *Coreut* doth diuine before his death.
Since my vaine flight from faire *Magneſia*,
Selim I haue conuerſt with Chriſtians,
And learn'd of them the way to ſaue my ſoule,
And pleaſe the anger of the higheſt God.
Tis he that made this pure Chriſtalline vault
Which hangeth ouer our vnhappie heads,
From thence he doth behold each ſinners fault:
And though our ſinnes vnder our feete he treads,
And for a while ſeeme for to winke at vs,
But is to recall vs from our wayes.
But if we do like head-ſtrong ſonnes neglect
To hearken to our louing fathers voyce,
Then in his anger will he vs reiect,
And giue vs ouer to our wicked choyce.
Selim before his dreadfull maieſtie,
There lies a booke written with bloudie lines,
Where our offences all are regiſtred.
Which if we do not haſtily repent,
We are reſeru'd to laſting puniſhment.
Thou wretched *Selimus* haſt greateſt need
To ponder theſe things in thy ſecret thoughts,
If thou conſider what ſtrange maſſacres
And cruell murthers thou haſt caus'd be done.
Thinke on the death of wofull *Baiazet.*
Doth not his ghoaſt ſtil haunt thee for reuenge?
Selim in *Chiurlu* didſt thou ſet vpon
Our aged father in his ſodaine flight:
In *Chiurlu* ſhalt thou die a greeuous death.
And if thou wilt not change thy greedie mind,
Thy ſoule ſhall be tormented in darke hell,
Where woe, and woe, and neuer ceaſing woe,
Shall ſound about thy euer-damned ſoule.
Now *Selim* I haue ſpoken, let me die:
I neuer will intreate thee for my life.

Selim farewell: thou God of Chriſtians,
Receiue my dying ſoule into thy hands. (Strangles him.
Seli. What is he dead? then *Selimus* is ſafe,
And hath no more corriuals in the crowne.
For as for *Acomat* he ſoone ſhall ſee,
His Perſian aide cannot ſaue him from me.
Now *Sinam* march to faire *Amaſia* walles,
Where *Acomats* ſtout Queene immures her ſelfe,
And girt the citie with a warlike ſiege,
For ſince her husband is my enemy,
I ſee no cauſe why ſhe ſhould be my friend.
They ſay yoong *Amurath* and *Aladin*,
Her baſtard brood, are come to ſuccour her.
But ile preuent this their officiouſneſſe,
And ſend their ſoule downe to their grandfather.
Mustaffa you ſhall keepe *Bizantium*,
While I and *Sinam* girt *Amaſia*.
Exit Selimus, *Sinam*, Ianizaries all ſaue one.
Muſt. It grieues my ſoule that *Baiazets* faire line,
Should be eclipſed thus by *Selimus*,
Whoſe cruell ſoule will neuer be at reſt
Till none remaine of *Ottomans* faire race
But he himſelfe: yet for old *Baiazet*
Loued *Mustaffa* deare vnto his death,
I will ſhew mercy to his familie.
Go ſirra, poaſt to *Acomats* yoong ſonnes,
And bid them as they meane to ſaue their liues,
To flie in haſte from faire *Amaſia*,
Leaſt cruell *Selim* put them to the ſword.
Exit one to *Amurath* and *Aladin*.
And now *Muſtaffa*, prepare thou thy necke,
For thou art next to die by *Selims* hands.
Stearne *Sinam Baſſa*, grudgeth ſtill at thee,
And crabbed *Hali* ſtormeth at thy life,
All repine that thou art honour'd ſo,
To be the brother of their Emperour.

Enter

Enter *Solyma.*

But wherefore comes my louely *Solyma?*
Soly. Muſtaffa I am come to ſeeke thee out,
If euer thy diſtreſſed *Solyma,*
Found grace and fauour in thy manly heart:
Flie hence with me vnto ſome deſert land,
For if we tarry here we are but dead.
This night when faire *Lucinaes* ſhining waine,
Was paſt the chaire of bright *Caſſiopey,*
A fearefull viſion appear'd to me.
Me thought *Muſtaffa,* I beheld thy necke
So often folded in my louing armes,
In foule diſgrace of Baſſaes faire degree,
With a vile haltar baſely compaſſed.
And while I powr'd my teares on thy dead corpes,
A greedie lyon with wide gaping throate,
Seaz'd on my trembling bodie with his feete,
And in a moment rent me all to nought.
Flie ſweet *Mustaffa,* or we be but dead.
Muſt. Why ſhould we flie beauteous *Solyma,*
Mou'd by a vaine and a fantaſtique dreame?
Or if we did flie, whither ſhould we flie?
If to the fartheſt part of *Aſia,*
Know'ſt thou not *Solyma,* kings hane long hands?
Come, come, my ioy, returne againe with me,
And baniſh hence theſe melancholy thoughts. (*Exeunt.*

Enter *Aladin, Murath,* the meſſenger. *Sc. xxiv*

Aladin. Meſſenger is it true that *Selimus*
Is not far hence encamped with his hoſte?
And meanes he to diſioyne the hapleſſe ſonnes
From helping our diſtreſſed mothers towne?
Meſſ. Tis true my Lord, and if you loue your liues
Flie from the bounds of his dominions,
For he you know is moſt vnmercifull.
Amu. Here meſſenger take this for thy reward. *Exit* meſſ.
But we ſweet *Aladin,* let vs depart,
Now in the quiet ſilence of the night

That ere the windowes of the morne be ope,
We may be far inough from *Selimus*.
Ile to *Aegyptus*.
Alinda. I to *Perſia*. (*Exeunt*.
Sc. xxv Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, Ianizaries.
Seli. But is it certaine *Hali* they are gone?
And that *Muſtaffa* moued them to flie?
Hali. Certaine my Lord, I met the meſſenger
As he returned from yoong *Alinda*:
And learned of them, *Muſtaffa*, was the man
That certified the Princes of your will.
Seli. It is inough: *Muſtaffa* ſhall abie
At a deare price his pitifull intent.
Hali go fetch *Muſtaffa* and his wife. (*Exit Hali*.
For though ſhe be ſiſter to *Selimus*,
Yet loues ſhe him better then *Selimus*.
So that if he do die at our command,
And ſhe ſhould liue: ſoone wold ſhe worke a mean
To worke reuenge for her *Mustaffas* death.
Enter *Hali*, *Muſtaffa*, and *Solima*.
Falſe of thy faith, and traitor to thy king,
Did we ſo highly alway honour thee,
And doeſt thou thus requite our loue with treaſon,
For why ſhould'ſt thou ſend to yoong *Alinda*,
And *Amurath*, the ſonnes of *Acomat*,
To giue them notice of our ſecrecies,
Knowing they were my vowed enemies?
Must. I do not ſeeke to leſſon my offence
Great *Selimus*, but truly do proteſt
I did it not for hatred of your grace,
So helpe me God and holy *Mahomet*.
But for I grieu'd to ſee the famous ſtocke
Of worthie *Baiazet* fall to decay,
Therefore I ſent the Princes both away.
Your highneſſe knowes *Muſtaffa* was the man
That ſau'd you in the battell of *Churlu*,

When

When I and all the warlike Ianizaries
Had hedg'd your perſon in a dangerous ring.
Yet I tooke pitie on your daunger there,
And made a way for you to ſcape by flight.
But thoſe your Baſſaes haue incenſed you,
Repining at *Muſtaffas* dignitie.
Stearne *Sinam* grindes his angry teeth at me.
Old *Halies* ſonnes do bend their browes at me,
And are agrieued that *Mustaffa* hath
Shewed himſelfe a better man then they.
And yet the Ianizars mourne for me,
They know *Muſtaffa* neuer proued falſe.
I, I haue bene as true to *Selimus*,
As euer ſubiect to his ſoueraigne,
So helpe me God and holy *Mahomet*.
Seli. You did it not becauſe you hated vs,
But for you lou'd the ſonnes of *Acomat*.
Sinam, I charge thee quickly ſtrangle him,
He loues not me that loues mine enemies.
As for your holy proteſtation,
It cannot enter into *Selims* eares:
For why *Muſtaffa*? euery marchant man
Will praiſe his own ware be it ne'r ſo bad.
Solima. For *Solimas* ſake mightie *Selimus*,
Spare my *Muſtaffas* life, and let me die:
Or if thou wilt not be ſo gratious,
Yet let me die before I ſee his death.
Seli. Nay *Solima*, your ſelfe ſhall alſo die,
Becauſe you may be in the ſelfeſame fault.
Why ſtai'ſt thou *Sinam*? ſtrangle him I ſay.
Sinam ſtrangles him.
Soli. Ah *Selimus*, he made thee Emperour,
And wilt thou thus requite his benefits?
Thou art a cruell tygre and no man,
That coul'ſt endure to ſee before thy face,
So braue a man as my *Muſtaffa* was,

Cruelly ſtrangled for ſo ſmall a fault.
Seli. Thou ſhalt not after liue him *Solima.*
Twere pitie thou ſhould'ſt want the company
Of thy deare husband: *Sinam* ſtrangle her.
And now to faire *Amaſia* let vs march.
Acomats wife, and her vnmanly hoaſt,
Will not be able to endure our ſight,
Much leſſe make ſtrong reſiſtance in hard fight.
Exeunt.

Sc. xxvi Enter *Acomat*, *Tonombeius*, *Viſir*, *Regan*, and their ſouldiers.

Aco. Welcome my Lords into my natiue ſoyle,
The crowne whereof by right is due to me:
Though *Selim* by the Ianizaries choyce,
Through vſurpation keep the ſame from me.
You know contrary to my fathers mind,
He was enthronized by the Baſſaes will,
And after his enſtalling, wickedly
By poyſon made good *Baiazet* to die.
And ſtrangled *Corcut*, and exiled me.
Theſe iniuries we come for to reuenge,
And raiſe his ſiege from faire *Amaſia* walles.
Tonom. Prince of *Amaſia*, and the rightful heire
Vnto the mightie Turkiſh Diadem:
With willing heart great *Tonombey* hath left
Ægyptian *Nilus* and my fathers court,
To aide thee in thy vndertaken warre,
And by the great *Vſancaſſanos* ghoaſt,
Companion vnto mightie *Tamberlaine*,
From whom my father lineally deſcends,
Fortune ſhall ſhew her ſelfe too croſſe to me,
But we will thruſt *Selimus* from his throne,
And reueſt *Acomat* in the Empirie.
Aco. Thanks to the vncontrolled *Tonombey*.
But let vs haſte vs to *Amaſia*,
To ſuccour my beſieged citizens.

None

None but my Queene is ouerſeer there,
And too too weake is all her pollicie,
Againſt ſo great a foe as *Selimus*.

Exeunt All

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, and the Ianizaries. *Sc. xxvii*

Seli. Summon a parley ſirs, that we may know
Whether theſe Muſhroms here will yeeld or no.
A parley: Queene of *Amaſia*, and her ſouldiers on the walles.
Queen. What craueſt thou bloud-thirſtie parricide?
Iſt not inough that thou haſt foulely ſlaine,
Thy louing father noble *Baiazet*,
And ſtrangled *Corcut* thine vnhappie brother
Slaine braue *Muſtaffa*, and faire *Solima*?
Becauſe they fauoured my vnhappie ſonnes,
But thou muſt yet ſeeke for more maſſacres?
Go, waſh thy guiltie hands in luke-warme blood.
Enrich thy ſouldiers with robberies:
Yet do the heauens ſtill beare an equall eye,
And vengeance followes thee euen at the heeles.
Seli. Queene of *Amaſia*, wilt thou yeeld thy ſelfe?
Queen. Firſt ſhall the ouer-flowing *Euripus*
Of ſwift *Eubœa* ſtop his reſtleſſe courſe
And *Phœbs* bright globe bring the day frō the weſt,
And quench his hot flames in the Eſterne ſea.
Thy bloudie ſword vngratious *Selimus*
Sheath'd in the bowels of thy deareſt friends:
Thy wicked gard which ſtill attends on thee,
Fleſhing themſelues in murther, luſt, and rape:
What hope of fauour? what ſecuritie?
Rather what death do they not promiſe me?
Then thinke not *Selimus* that we will yeeld,
But looke for ſtrong reſiiſtance at our hands.
Seli, Why then you neuer danted Ianizaries,
Aduance your ſhields and vncontrolled ſpeares,

Your

Your conquering hands in foe-mens blood embay,
For *Selimus* himſelfe will lead the way.
Allarum, beats them off the walles. Allarum.

Sc. xxviii Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, Ianizaries, with *Acomats* Queene priſoner.

Se. Now ſturdie dame, where are your men of war
To gard your perſon from my angry ſword?
What? though brau'd vs on your citie walles,
Like to that *Amanonian Menalip*,
Leauing the bankes of ſwift-ſtream'd *Thermodon*
To challenge combat with great *Hercules*:
Yet *Selimus* hath pluckt your haughtie plumes,
Nor can your ſpouſe rebellious *Acomat*,
Nor *Alinda*, or *Amurath* your ſonnes,
Deliuer you from our victorious hands.
Queen. Selim I ſcorne thy threatnings as thy ſelfe.
And though ill hap hath giuen me to thy hands,
Yet will I neuer beg my life of thee.
Fortune may chance to frowne as much on thee.
And *Acomat* whom thou doeſt ſcorne ſo much,
May take thy baſe *Tartarian* concubine,
As well as thou haſt tooke his loyall Queene.
Thou haſt not fortune tied in a chaine,
Nor doeſt thou like a warie pilot ſit,
And wiſely ſtir this all conteining barge.
Thou art a man as thoſe whom thou haſt ſlaine,
And ſome of them were better far then thou.
Seli. Strangle her *Hali*, let her ſcold no more.
Now let vs march to meet with *Acomat*,
He brings with him that great Ægyptian bug,
Strong *Tonombey*, *Vſan-Caſſanos* ſonne.
But we ſhall ſoone with our fine tempered ſwords,
Engraue our proweſſe on their buganets,
Were they as mightie and as fell of force,
As thoſe old earth-bred brethren, which once

Heape hill on hill to ſcale the ſtarrie skie,
When *Briareus* arm'd with a hundreth hands,
Flung foorth a hundreth mountaines at great *Ioue*,
And when the monſtrous giant *Monichus*
Hurld mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And darted cedars at *Mineruas* ſhield. *Exeunt* All.
Allarum. Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Cali*, *Hali*, and the Ianizaties, *Sc. xxix*
at one doore, and *Acomat*, *Tonombey*, *Regan*, *Viſſr*, and their
ſouldiers at another.
Seli. What are the vrchins crept out of their dens,
Vnder the conduct of this porcupine?
Doeſt thou not tremble *Acomat* at vs,
To ſee how courage masketh in our lookes,
And white-wing'd victorie ſits on our ſwordes?
Captaine of Ægypt, thou that vant'ſt thy ſelfe
Sprung from great *Tamberlaine* the *Scythia* theefe,
Who bad the enterpriſe this bold attempt,
To ſet thy feete within the Turkiſh confines,
Or lift thy hands againſt our maieſtie?
Aco. Brother of *Trebiſond*, your ſquared words,
And broad-mouth'd tearmes, can neuer conquer vs.
We come reſolu'd to pull the Turkiſh crowne,
Which thou doeſt wrongfully detaine from me,
By conquering ſword from of thy coward creſt.
Seli. Acomat, ſith the quarrell toucheth none
But thee and me: I dare, and challenge thee.
Tonum. Should he accept the combat of a boy?
Whoſe vnripe yeares and farre vnriper wit
Like to the bold foole-hardie *Phæton*
That ſought to rule the chariot of the ſunne,
Hath mou'd thee t'vndertake an Empirie.
Seli. Thou that reſolueſt in peremptorie tearmes,
To call him boy that ſcornes to cope with thee:
But thou canſt better vſe thy bragging blade,
Then thou canſt rule thy ouerflowing tongue,
Soone ſhalt thou know that *Selims* mightie arme

Is able to ouerthrow poore *Tonombey*.

Allarum, *Tonombey* beates *Hali* and *Cali* in.
Selim beats *Tonombey* in. Allarum,
Sc. xxx *Exit Tonombey.*

Tonom. The field is loſt, and *Acomat* is taken.
Ah *Tonombey*, how canſt thou ſhew thy face
To thy victorious ſire, thus conquered.
A matchleſſe knight is warlike *Selimus*.
And like a ſhepheard mongſt a ſwarme of gnats,
Dings downe the flying Perſians with their ſwords.
Twice I encountred with him hand to hand,
And twice returned foyled and aſham'd.
For neuer yet ſince I could manage Armes,
Could any match with mightie *Tonombey*,
But this heroicke Emperour *Selimus*.
Why ſtand I ſtill, and rather do not flie
The great occiſion which the victors make?
Exit Tonombey.

Sc. xxxi Allarum. Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam Baſſa*, with
Acomat priſoner, *Hali*, *Cali*, Ianizaries.

Seli. Thus when the coward Greeks fled to their ſhips,
The noble *Hector* all beſmear'd in blood,
Return'd in triumph to the walles of *Troy*.
A gallant trophee, Baſſaes haue we wonne,
Beating the neuer-foyled *Tonombey*,
And hewing paſſage through the Perſians.
As when a lyon rauing for his praie,
Falleth vpon a droaue of horned balles,
And rends them ſtrongly in his kingly pawes.
Or *Mars* arm'd in his adamantiue coate,
Mounted vpon his firie-ſhining waine,
Scatters the troupes of warlike Thracians,
And warmes cold *Hebras* with hot ſtreams of blood.
Braue *Sinam*, for thy noble priſoner,
Thou ſhalt be generall of my Ianizaries.

And

And *Belierbey* of faire *Natalia*.
Now *Acomat*, thou monſter of the world,
Why ſtoup'ſt thou not with reuerence to thy king?
Aco. *Selim* if thou haue gotten victorie,
Then vſe it to thy contentation.
If I had conquer'd, know aſſuredly
I would haue ſaid as much and more to thee.
Know I diſdaine them as I do thy ſelfe,
And ſcorne to ſtoupe or bend my Lordly knee,
To ſuch a tyrant as is *Selimus*.
Thou ſlew'ſt my Queene without regard or care,
Of loue or dutie, or thine owne good name.
Then *Selim* take that which thy hap doth giue,
Diſgra'ſt, diſplai'ſt, I longer loath to liue.
Seli. Then *Sinam* ſtrangle him: now he is dead,
Who doth remaine to trouble *Selimus*?
Now am I King alone and none but I.
For ſince my fathers death vntill this time,
I neuer wanted ſome competitors.
Now as the weerie wandring traueller
That hath his ſteppes guided through many lands,
Through boiling ſoile of *Affrica* and *Ind*,
When he returnes vnto his natiue home:
Sits downe among his friends, and with delight
Declares the trauels he hath ouerpaſt.
So maiſt thou *Selimus*, for thou haſt trode
The monſter-garden paths, that lead to crownes.
Ha, ha, I ſmile to thinke how *Selimus*
Like the Ægyptian *Ibis* hath expelled
Thoſe ſwarming armies of ſwift-winged ſnakes,
That ſought to ouerrun my territories,
When ſoultring heat the earths green childrē ſpoiles
From foorth the fennes of venemous *Affrica*,
The generation of thoſe flying ſnakes,
Do band themſelues in troupes, and take their way
To *Nilus* bounds: but thoſe induſtrious birds,

Thoſe *Ibides* meete them in ſet array,
And eate them vp like to a ſwarme of gnats,
Preuenting ſuch a miſchiefe from the land.
But ſee how vnkind nature deales with them:
From out their egges riſes the baſiliske,
Whoſe onely ſight killes millions of men.
When *Acomat* lifted his vngratious hands
Againſt my aged father *Baiazet.*
They ſent for me, and I like *Ægipts* bird
Haue rid that monſter, and his fellow mates.
But as from *Ibis* ſprings the *Baſilisk*,
Whoſe onely touch burneth vp ſtones and trees.
So *Selimus* hath prou'd a Cocatrice,
And cleane conſumed all the familie
Of noble *Ottoman*, except himſelfe.
And now to you my neighbour Emperours,
That durſt lend ayd to *Selims* enemies,
Sinam thoſe Soldanes of the Orient,
Aegipt and *Perſia*, *Selimus* will quell,
Or he himſelfe will ſincke to loweſt hell.
This winter will we reſt and breath our ſelues:
But ſoone as *Zephyrus* ſweete ſmelling blaſt
Shall greatly creep ouer the flourie meades,
Wee'll haue a fling at the Ægyptian crowne,
And ioyne it vnto ours, or looſe our owne.

Exeunt.

of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes.

Concluſion.

Thus haue we brought victorious Selimus,
Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia:
Next ſhall you ſee him with trinmphant ſword,
Diuiding kingdomes into equall ſhares,
And giue them to their warlike followers.
If this firſt part Gentles, do like you well,
The ſecond part, ſhall greater murthers tell.

FINIS.

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